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VOL. LXIX

February, 1938

No. 2

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Vol. LXIX

February

No. 2

EDITORIALS

THE WESTWARD TREK

One of the most important byproducts of this invasion of China by the Japanese army is the westward trek of China's social, educational and political leaders. This is history in the making, the significance of which is just beginning to be realized. The seat of the National Government has been moved from Nanking to Chungking, Szechuen, only 600 miles from Lhasa "the way the crow flies" as Bishop Ward reminds us, and may later be removed to Yunnan Province in the extreme south-west. Sections of Nanking University, Ginling College for Women, Cheeloo Medical School and other institutions are being accommodated on the campus of West China Christian University in Chengtu. The National Government University and other institutions have also been removed to interior places. The valuable art treasures of the National Museum have been shipped to safer realms in the West. This means that the cultural and educational influences, that have for so many years been confined to the coast cities or eastern sections of China, are being suddenly planted in this somewhat virgin soil.

Furthermore, these vast but hitherto comparatively isolated provinces are being rapidly brought into the stream of modern world-life. The old trade routes through "mystery" lands and over little-known deserts or mountain passes are being supplanted by modern air routes, well-constructed overland highways and new railroads. The extension of these ways of travel to the outer world

by way of Indo-China, Russia and other lands brings West China into the center of much of the future life of the world. The back-door of China is suddenly converted into a front door. Or shall we say that in the future China will have no back door. She will have broad and highly travelled borders on all four sides. Her period of seclusion and isolation is gone forever. She has become in deed and in truth a Middle Kingdom.

The significance of all this is hard to grasp. Szechuen itself is a great inland "empire", twice as large as the combined areas of England, Germany, France and Italy combined. It now has a population of 48,000,000, but, with improvements in methods of agriculture and irrigation and with the development of other untapped resources, it could sustain a much larger population. Then there are the other half-dozen provinces—Yunnan, Kwangse, Kweichow, Kansu and Sinchiang—which the Chinese believe they can hold even if all the rest of the provinces should be subjugated. China's progressive leaders and her cultural institutions are to a large extent being concentrated in these interior provinces.

But what does this mean from the standpoint of the Christian movement and the Kingdom of God. We need to constantly keep in mind that the Kingdom interests are far more important and urgent than the political issues. The lone missionaries and pioneer missionary institutions—schools, hospitals and churches, suddenly find themselves reinforced (and perhaps in some cases almost embarrassed) by this rapid influx. West China Christian University campus, we have pointed out, is now housing several sister institutions. The provincial government has kindly provided them with a large gift for a new building to help meet the emergency. With communications so disrupted in East and Central China, the Mission presses in West China also have thrust upon them new opportunities and new responsibilities.

This is truly a time of crisis for the Christian church in interior and West China. As we pointed out last month the word crisis in Chinese means danger-opportunity. The forces that are being thrown into West China are many and varied. As is always the case, the forces of evil still crowd into every open door. The church will have no easy victory even if it should rise fully to its great opportunity. Selfishness and human depravity, expressed in modern commercialism, political and economic exploitation, extravagant and artificial living, and the "pride of life," will fight for supremacy. The old ethical or moral controls of China have proved lamentably inadequate for the new times. The cross-currents of modern life have threatened to engulf them in a whirlpool of moral ineptitude. The youth of China seem definitely to be searching in other directions for their guiding star. Both Communism and Christianity are bidding for their allegiance. Due to the peculiar circumstances in Russia, with the church so closely involved in the corruption and oppression of the state, the particular brand of Communism introduced into China has been extremely materialistic and atheistic. Yet, in spite of this, these two movements at some points have professedly common goals—the welfare of the people and the

establishment of a just social order, but their methods have been diametrically opposed to each other. One makes the final arbiter physical force while the other makes sacrificial love its motive power. At this point Christianity dare not make any compromise.

Furthermore there is danger that, being bewitched by the glamor of newer forces, the future leaders of China will reject the good of their own past. May it not be that one of the great contributions of Christianity will be to help to give China the moral reinforcement necessary to conserve all the good in her past, as well as to bring the Chinese people into a richer life under the guiding influence of the Spirit of Christ. It is the professed conviction of both missionaries and Christian leaders that the only hope for China is in Jesus Christ. But are we working for the triumph of his Kingdom of love and brotherhood with half the strategy and sacrificial effort that are being poured into the military conflict? What new policies should be adopted? What new forces should be immediately thrown into this strategic situation?

This interest in interior China does not imply the desertion of the work in the more fully developed fields. Never was the need for spiritual leadership in the older churches and their districts greater than in these tragic times. The political situation is far from stabilized. We do not know what a day may bring forth, but we do know that Christian leaders must carry on and go down the dusty road of sorrow with those who through their ministry have entered the Christian way of life. This time of tragedy must be turned into a witness for Christ and his Kingdom. They must continue to lead the church in its ministry to millions of homeless and hungry victims of military invasion. But we know that they will not be alone in this task. He who went to Calvary will be with them in a very real sense. Yet this call from East China does not diminish the urgency for taking advantage of the great opportunities now offered in the interior and western provinces.

RELAXATION AND A SENSE OF HUMOR

It is especially important in these strenuous times that Christian leaders should keep themselves fit for maximum service. To this end they should not forget the importance of rhythm and relaxation in their work. It has often been said that if the devil cannot keep people from taking religion and life seriously he will try to defeat them by getting them to be too serious. One who is taking his work seriously must have times of relaxation and "rest". People seek for relaxation in the club, the dance hall, in some favorite indulgence or in physical recreation. But much of this is neither relaxing nor re-creative. Unfortunately many zealous Christian workers make little provision for proper exercise or relaxation of any kind.

Again many have never learned to relieve the tensions of life by means of wholesome fun. Some have remarked that they can tell missionaries by their hats or clothes. Others have commented on the apparent lack of joy in the countenances of some missionaries and religious workers. They tell us they see a stern driving expres-

sion. Is this true? If so does it make Christianity attractive to them?

This line of thought was suggested by a sentence in the tribute to Dr. Streeter, quoted in this issue under "Work and Workers." If ever it was doubted that it is possible to combine thorough scholarship, true piety and an intense interest in human welfare with a joyful countenance the life of Dr. Streeter ought to do much to dispel that doubt. Dr. Streeter was not a missionary to China in the narrower sense of the term yet in a very true sense he can be claimed. He travelled and lectured in China. He imparted much of his spirit to Christian leaders not only through his personal contacts but also through his many books. Besides his able work in the field of New Testament scholarship he did much in the field of comparative religion and philosophy. His "Reality and "The Spirit" have been translated into Chinese. His other works in English are well known.

Dr. Streeter was not only a scholar and a devout Christian. He was also very much of a man among men and full of the buoyancy of life. In the midst of his labors he was able to retain and even to enlarge his human sympathies. During the closing years of his life his interest in individuals, in their intellectual growth and spiritual welfare, increased. This is evident in his activities in connection with the Oxford Group Movement and in one of his later books, "The God Who Speaks."

But the aspect of his life we are most interested in just at this moment is his power of relaxation and his sense of humor. Heaven becomes a more inviting place as one contemplates Streeter "sitting with a circle of angels round him (like the youth of the S.M.C. conference), rubbing his hand down his nose and beard and then over his knee, giving a few indrawn sniffs and chuckling with delight...."

This power of relaxation and a sense of humor have been characteristic of many great men. Lincoln is the classic example. Fortunately, these traits are not entirely lost in our times. Mr. McIntosh, so well known to Recorder readers, is a fine example of moral earnestness combined with sparkling good humor. Whole-some witticisms flowed (and, I am sure, still flow) from his fertile mind like water from a perpetual fountain. Twice has the writer known him to catch himself up suddenly, with a twinkle in his Scottish eye, and remark, "But this is Sunday. One ought not to joke on Sunday!" The writer remembers, again, how on another occasion Rev. G. W. Sheppard, so well known in China, portrayed this same sparkle of humor. Some one had given credit to "the Lord" for a favorable turn for which another by way of seeming protest "begged to give credit, not to the Lord but to the House Committee." It was at this point that Mr. Sheppard, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked, "Well, the Lord does use some very strange agencies at times to carry out his purposes." A hearty laugh and all tenseness disappeared. Dr. Robert Speer holds first rank as a hard working and devout missionary statesman, but the appreciation for his painstaking and indefatigable labors is enriched by the

memory of the day when, while travelling from a conference in Nanking with a group of missionaries, he livened the "party" by "taking off" one of his travelling companions in rhyme. On one occasion when Dr. J. Walter Lowrie was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, he took a trip to the Chekiang hills for a day in the open. But he carried in his pocket a copy of "Torchy" and entertained his companions at a high pitch of laughter as he read.

Again, the question of relaxation is closely related to the problem of good temper. At times one is embarrassed by the sternness or even sensoriousness of some Christian workers. Most of us perhaps would have to confess to failure at times along this line. When nerves are "frazzled" it is doubly easy for our work to descend to the level of human effort. The sense of God's guidance and the realization that after we have done our best the results are with Him are lost. The joy and relaxation that come from the sense of the divine companionship fade away. Things and people "get on our nerves." We may even "explode", or at least become unkindly critical. When we have reached this stage it is time to take time out for leisure, for physical and mental relaxation as well as for spiritual renewal. The victory, of course, must finally be a spiritual one, but the spiritual and the physical are more closely related than most of us imagine. In Moffatt's translation of Colossians III:12, "good temper" is substituted for the word "long-suffering" in the earlier translation. It is hard to be long-suffering and cheerful when one's nerves are taut. Good digestion and relaxation will not take the place of divine grace, but a rested body and a joyful spirit are much more effective instruments for the expression of the divine in human lives.

The extent to which a person is able to find true fun in the simple and common things of life is one of the indexes to his ability to master life. How many of us have learned to maintain that fine balance between hard work and wholesome enjoyment of life? Jesus carried the weight of the world's sin on his shoulders, yet he enjoyed birds and flowers, children and the common folk. Weatherhead and other recent writers have pointed out the humor of Jesus as illustrated in certain of his sayings. Here we have, then, one of the lessons that all who wish to be maximum in their work should learn. Such relaxation and sense of humor not only will save mission Boards much hard cash, which can be more profitably used than for doctors bills and emergency furloughs, but also will help all of us to be more winsome and effective witnesses to the Christian way of life.

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The Answer of Christian Faith to the Present Crisis*

EVA D. SPICER

IN dealing with such a tremendous topic in a short time, all that one person can do is to touch briefly on those aspects of the problem which come home most closely to his own thought and experience. No brief treatment, no treatment by one person can deal adequately with this tremendous problem, which touches at some point or other almost all the fundamental faiths of the Christian Gospel. The only demand that can fairly be made is that it shall touch on one or two points of cardinal interest, and try to suggest certain answers at those points.

I am taking it that this is addressed to those who do or have believed in the revelation of God in Christ, but who find their faith weakened or actually threatened by the events of the present time. It is not addressed to those who have never believed, and therefore certain things are taken for granted.

One other preliminary remark I wish to make. In the treatment of such a problem, we need to remind ourselves from the beginning that the solution Christ offers is always a practical, not a theoretical, one. You cannot get the proof first, and then act; you can only get the proof in the process of acting.

With these preliminaries in mind, let us turn at once to the question in hand.

What is the present crisis? It is, of course, a world crisis, of which the Sino-Japanese struggle is one acute symptom, but since we are particularly concerned with the outlook of the Chinese Christian, and of other Christians whose lot is cast with China, we will look at it as it affects China.

For China the crisis is supremely the situation caused by the aggression of Japan, an aggression, whatever the minor incidents which led to its outbreak, whose root cause lies in Japan's ambition to found an Asiatic Empire. This ambition is one which has its roots not only in her need for economic expansion, but also in her sense of being a special divine creation, with a divine destiny. Nationalism and a sense of destiny are no uncommon phenomena in the world to-day, but perhaps nowhere is there to be found such a deep conviction of absolute divine right and destiny as in Japan, where the age long belief in the descent of the Emperor from the Sun-Goddess is re-inforced by all that propaganda of the militaristic nationalist brand can do.

It is against this opponent secure in that sense of rightness that a divine mission gives, and armed with all the weapons of modern times, that China is pitted—China a country that has only recently been unified, with immense internal problems and weaknesses, but with the promise of great development. As a result of this conflict she is seeing her progress stopped indefinitely, her people—civilians as well as soldiers—killed, her lands depopulated and laid waste, her

*An address given in Union Church, Hankow, on Jan. 23rd., 1938.

cities bombed, and those of her citizens who remain in the occupied areas subject to a control of mind and expression that must make living to any thoughtful person a mental torture.

Suffering and death is widespread already, and with every day that the war lasts becomes more so. The future is black indeed, and it can scarcely be wondered at that thoughtful people, concerned about the fate of China, find it easy to doubt the existence and power of the God of Love and Justice, whom the Christian proclaims with such certainty, but all too often from secure and comfortable pulpits,

Could they proclaim such a God in the ruined city of Sunkiang, where, we are told, five old men were all that were left of a population of 100,000 people, and dogs, fattened by the corpses, wandered among the ruins? Could they proclaim such a God amongst the train- or ship-loads of wounded soldiers—often without food or drink, and without attention to their wounds since they left the field? Could they proclaim such a God in the occupied areas where men live in fear of visitation, and can never express themselves freely? Such backgrounds do not seem to lend weight to such a gospel.

It would of course be useless and foolish for Chinese or foreigner to pretend that China is without fault, even in this matter, let alone any other; and she undoubtedly lacks the disciplined patriotism and individual willingness to sacrifice life and comfort that enable Japan to put through this policy of aggression. However that may be, China can certainly claim—and her claim has been vindicated by the nations at large—that this war is not of her seeking. It has been forced upon her. Her desire was to live at peace and develop herself internally—a task sufficient to use all, and more than all, her present resources of man-power and energy; and she may well ask with the prophet Habakkuk

"Thou that art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and that canst not look on perverseness, wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy peace when the wicked swalloweth up the man that is more righteous than he? Hab. 1:13,14.

Can Christians at this time in China frankly face this and more, and continue to believe genuinely in God, when their very existence as individuals and as a nation is threatened? Is not belief in God the pleasant fantasy of a world at peace?

We do well to remind ourselves also, I think, that this indictment of the Love and Justice of God is only an extreme case of a general indictment that many non-Christians are making the whole time. Are there not always more who suffer than are happy, is not the power always in the hands of the wealthy and the mighty, not the good and the upright; and even when the powerful are held to be, relatively speaking, good, are they not always among those who are trying to solve the problem of serving both God and mammon—born compromisers, not single-minded followers of truth

and justice? In such a world how can any believe in the supremacy of the Lord and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?

It seems to me that the Christian answer to this assault on his faith should be treated from two points of view—first from the more purely individual point of view, and then from the individual in his corporate capacity both as citizen and member of the Church.

Let us begin with the more purely individual point of view. The individual may, I believe, feel his faith slipping from him in war-time, because he doubts the ability—in war-time—of God to protect him from poverty, from illness, from loss of loved ones, from all forms of bodily suffering, and finally from death. I think we must admit frankly that loss of faith often comes from personal fear. I have no doubt that there are thoughtful Christians living safely in England and America, who find the present situation in China a real test of their faith, but I am quite sure there are many more who find it easy at a distance from the scene of struggle to hold their faith without a tremour. It is quite a different question when it is *your* village, *your* family, and *your* life that is in danger. It is perfectly natural that imminent danger and personal fear should shake our faith more than the danger to a remote part of the world.

There is nothing to be ashamed of here, it is perfectly natural and human, but we do need to be very honest with ourselves, if we want our faith to meet adequately the situation. Is the cause of our indictment of God's love and justice a generously altruistic wrath on behalf of injustice to others, or is the real cause underlying our doubts fear for the loss of our own lives and possessions? Probably, as in most cases, the causes for our attitudes are mixed, both motives are at work, but if there is a considerable element of personal fear, we need to face up to it honestly.

What answer has Christianity to personal fear—be it for the loss of possessions, or loved ones, or one's own life? We must frankly admit that God does not guarantee protection from personal risks, even to those who serve him most faithfully, though the Old Testament shows that men have always wanted to think that he did, and to equate suffering with sin, and prosperity with goodness. Rather is that writer nearer the truth when he says "Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseth," and often God challenges those who believe in Him to lives of great personal risk for his very sake. The fact of disaster and injustice are not facts that the Bible or any honest Christian can attempt to deny.

What God does promise is that He will, if you believe in Him, and are about his work, be with you in the midst of trouble and disaster, and save you not from suffering, disaster or death, but from the fear of those things.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

The Book of Job raises, and does not fully answer the problem of the suffering of the innocent, but such answer as there is lies not in the last chapter, where Job is restored to his former prosperity and which in truth seems something of an anti-climax, but in his intuitions of the presence of God, even in the midst of disaster, perhaps even because of it, so that his sense of injury vanishes, and he acknowledges his unworthiness before God, even though he has not accepted the traditional position of his friends that disaster is the punishment of sin.

"I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;

But now mine eye seeth thee:

Wherefore I abhor myself,

And repent in dust and ashes. Job. 42:5.6.

That sense that the presence of God is something which nothing can take away from us, whatever disaster overtakes us, is something that Job struggled to through long questioning and debate; but after Jesus had lived, died, and risen again how triumphantly do Paul's words ring out

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? Even as it is written,

'For thy sake we are killed all the day long;

We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.'

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Rom. 8:35-39.

We all know, of course, what should be the Christian attitude towards disaster, including death, but I think we have to admit that we do not always achieve it in practice. Yet there can be no real freedom under the circumstances of to-day, no ability to act as we should, unless we can see disaster—especially death—as Christians should. Most of us tend to value the lives of those whom we do not know too little, our own and those whom we love too highly. But to one who has caught the truth of Christ's resurrection—of that passing through the death of the body to a fuller life, death is just one of the incidents in the soul's onward pilgrimage. There remains a mystery in death, as there is in birth, but both are part of the order of the universe—God's universe, and while we should deliberately seek no man's death or our own, certainly there should be nothing in the possibility, or even likelihood of death to prevent us from doing anything, or being anywhere, where we have God's work to do. "Jesus steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem," though he knew what awaited him there.

Only if we can have something of that fearlessness of consequences—even that of death—can our actions in this world be truly ordered by the will of God, and not by fear. A world which has lost the sense of the presence of God, is inevitably in the grip of fear of all that circumstances may do to them. A man or any group of men who have laid hold on Christ's conquest of death and the fear of death, are the masters of circumstances, not the slaves. God can and does save men from the fear which is the worst part of man's sufferings. We have all known and met face to face men and women who have faced death without fear, for God was with them. I must admit that the one time I faced the possibility of death by violence, I did not at first have that sense of confidence, which I saw faith giving to some of my companions, it was all I could do to hold on to my self control. But when much, though not all, of the danger was over, I forced my mind to look at what might still happen, and when I had faced the worst, a sense of peace came to me, and I believed that with God's help I could face whatever might still come. It is well to face your fears, not hide from them; and with God's help you can overcome them.

But perhaps some may object, while it may be granted that God can in the case of certain men and women deliver them from fear, that surely does not answer the question as to why there should be so many things to fear. That is true in one sense—and yet almost at once, surely, we raise the question—what kind of world would it be in which there were no fears to be overcome—no dangers to be surmounted? Surely such a world would be one of dull safety without challenge or inspiration. Christ is not primarily a philosopher seeking to explain why things are as they are. He is a Prophet and a Saviour, telling us how to live in the world as it is, and in the strength of his life, personality, death and resurrection giving us the power to do it.

To live without fear of disaster—above all without fear of death, would be to live far more freely than we do now. If we could all have Paul's attitude towards our own death, and the death of our loved ones, how different the world would be. And death with Paul was no academic hypothesis, but a very real possibility.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if to live in the flesh—if this shall bring fruit from my work, then what I shall choose I know not. But I am in a strait betwixt the two, having the desire to depart and be with Christ; for it is very far better: yet to abide in the flesh is more needful for your sake." Philippians 1:21-24.

Such a fearless and objective discussion of death is what few of us attain to, and yet surely it is the characteristic and Christian attitude. If such an attitude were common, we should live in a released world, for it is men's fear of what men will do to them that causes so much of the present trouble, and the last and greatest fear is death.

The elimination of personal fear is perhaps the biggest boon that any man could ask, and this freedom from fear Christ won;

and can and will give to all who trust in him. Let us in the present time of disaster and suffering lay hold upon, and be laid hold on by the fearlessness of Christ.

Let us look briefly now at the more corporate aspect of life. There are many, I think, who are able and willing to stand up without fear to any danger that may come to them, and recognise the power of God to deliver them from fear, though not from danger, yet may still feel that the wholesale suffering that is going on now in China, the threatened domination of their country by Japan, and the folded hand policy of the Western powers does really shake their faith in God. Is it not really true that this is a world in which hate and ambition are more potent forces than love and service of others? Is not injustice strongly armed more powerful than justice unarmed? Can we really believe in the existence and the power of a God of Justice and Love?

I think in facing this problem we have to remind ourselves that in the order of Providence—so far as we can judge of it—sin was an almost inevitable accompaniment of the development of man. Animals do not sin because they act under the complete domination of instinct, but man is conscious of what he does, and can misdirect as well as direct his actions. And as Temple points out very clearly in "Nature, Man and God," the consciousness of man was almost inevitably at first *self-consciousness*. A baby's world is inevitably centred in himself, and as man first becomes conscious of the world about him, it is a world which centres in himself, and it is our self-consciousness that is the root of evil, for the world is not centred in any individual self, however important that self may think itself. The world as Jesus revealed it to us is God-centred, and only as we realise it as such can we ourselves be released from and help to release others from the bondage of self-centredness, which prevents us from seeing things as they really are.

But the fact that we do all start self-centred, both as individuals and as groups, and are all in need of being re-born into the God-centred life, does mean that justice, which is the working out into concrete practice and institutions of the God-centred point of view, simply does not exist. The order of the world as we know it is definitely unjust. Think for example of the family, that group which Jesus, by the use of the term Father for God, took as being the nearest in the present order to the kingdom of God, and which we should all agree has most of the spirit of love and co-operation within it; even in that group there is injustice. Often the whole group is subordinated to the interests and desire of one member, and within the family circle there is much selfishness and unfairness. We know that, but at the same time we do not, because of that, accuse the whole conception of the family as being irretrievably and inevitably unjust, (though there are some reformers who would abolish it entirely). We still feel and believe that the fundamental principle underlying the family is that of mutual love and co-operation, and that we must seek to express these more and more. And we believe that not because any of us have seen a perfect family—there is not one of us who has—but because we know quite well that

it is these things—mutual love and co-operation—which hold the family together in so far as it is held together, not jealousy, envy, hate and partiality, which have power only to destroy not to create; and that therefore the creative forces must be strengthened. We know quite well where the creative power lies, even though we have never yet seen the perfect family.

And what applies to the small institution of the family, applies much more to the larger institutions of the world, especially in the realm of economic and national institutions. We have never seen a perfectly just business or nation, even from the internal point of view, far less in their relations with each other. They are definitely self-centred, in the case of better businesses recognising certain limits beyond which they will not go, certain decencies to be observed, but in the case of nations hardly recognising even those, a law unto themselves, and that law the law of their own self-interest. And yet within both business and nation that which binds them together and gives them their strength is the same principle of mutual trust and co-operation. A business whose manager and employees think only in terms of their weekly salaries will not go very far, big businesses have a real esprit de corps, and certainly an army whose soldiers have no interest except their weekly pay will not be an army with a good morale. The creative principle at work here is the same as that in the family.

We believe in the ultimate triumph of Justice and Love, we believe that this truly is a world in which God is supreme, not because we live in a just world,—we do not, we live in an unjust world,—but because we recognise that in the process of creating the good man and the good society, it is those things which build up and create personality and society. Those are the creative forces at work. God seems to have given us the raw materials of both character and society, and also he has given us genuine freedom to do with them what we will. Because of our deep rooted self-centredness, we often direct our efforts to selfish ambitions, whether as individuals or groups, but when we do so, there is an inevitable clash, and lack of harmony, and much that we build up is pulled down again; we may break God's laws for a time, but in the end it is we who are broken, not they, we only illustrate them. It is when we become unself-centred, centred in others, in our work, in God, that we become creative, and it is at that point that we touch God, and feel that His power—the dynamic power of love, trust, and co-operation—is released through us.

As Christians then it is foolish to ask the question "Why does God allow these things?" For we know the answer to this extent at least—He has given us genuine freedom, and the consequences are that we are in the process of creating an order in harmony with his will, there is nothing ready made about it, and the abuses of our freedom are more glaring than our uses, but that does not alter the fundamental laws under which we work. The overwhelming destructiveness of the ambitions of a self-centred nation are really a striking proof of the creative force of love and justice.

If God's main aim had been to make us happy, we might well ask to what end is all this? But no Christian worthy of the name believes that God's main aim is man's happiness and comfort—it is the creating of men and women worthy of fellowship with Him and His Kingdom; and to be in fellowship with God is to see things as they are, to understand the true nature of good and evil, and surely in the world to-day the vast scale on which evil is being done—not only in this country but the world around—is revealing to us the true awfulness of selfishness and force, and is turning men's eyes washed clear by tears of suffering to the ways of persuasion and peace which Jesus walked. To be tempted to believe in the wrong against which we are struggling, is the worst temptation for a Christian at this time; but so far from persuading us to believe in force and selfishness, it may help us to see how terrible they are.

The true question for the Christian in the midst of such a crisis is not "Why does God allow this?", but "What must we do about it?" This was the attitude of the prophets when Israel and Judah were faced with the overwhelming powers of Assyria and Babylon. The true prophets spent relatively little time fulminating against the wickedness of their enemies, they did not even spend much time in asking abstract questions about justice; rather they asked the people about *their* injustice, about *their* lack of positive faith in God, and urged them to practical reform. God has revealed himself to you—you understand something of his nature and will, what are you doing to give concrete expression to that?

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth; for Jehovah hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil: learn to do well: seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Isaiah 1:2, 3, 16, 17.

And the message of Jesus was essentially the same—only that he carried the demands of love much further. He turned the eyes of his listeners away from the faults of others—whether groups or individuals—and turned them in upon their own; nay more, he asked that men should live among their fellow-countrymen and their enemies with a positive outgoing of love, as only so can the Kingdom of God come on earth, the Kingdom of a God who is equally interested in all men—of whatever race or nationality.

And the word holds good for us to-day; we have no right to condemn our enemies or question God while we ourselves are selfish, corrupt or lazy, or any of the other things that so many of us are.

Nay, I believe to-day we have to go further than that and realise that the very foes against whom we are fighting have much to teach us.

I suppose that most of us intensely disapprove of the policy of the Fascist powers, with their totalitarian state, their extreme and

rabid nationalism, their belief in the use of force, and their refusal to recognise any law but that of their own self-interest (also of communism in so far as it shows the same characteristics).

We are horrified at the treatment of Abyssinia and China, and we cry out against the injustice of the world to-day.

But is it really so unjust that it should be the Fascist, and to some extent the communist, powers which are dominating the world situation to-day, so that the more peace-loving nations are dancing to the tune they pipe? Would it not be perfectly possible from one point of view to argue that Italy is better than Great Britain, Germany than America, and Japan than China? That the individuals of Italy, Germany and Japan are more devoted, more self-sacrificing, more wholly surrendered to a cause outside themselves than the corresponding Englishman, American or Chinese, and that possibly the Communist outdoes them all? And that we to-day are being dominated not by their superior force, and greater ruthlessness and selfishness, but by their superior devotion and self-sacrifice?

We are surely no less self-centred than they, but we have what we want, and they do not, and therefore we want peace, and they want war, but our motives for wanting peace are no less selfish than theirs for wanting war.

As Chinese, English or American we have to face the fact that we must be prepared to spend as much to defend our way of life, as the others are to force their way on others; and that it is not altogether unfair that devotion and self-sacrifice, even to a wrong cause, should have a power which laziness, easy-going satisfaction with things as they are, and the motto "safety first" do not have.

But as Christians we must go further than that, we must recognise that a just order for all men is going to cost those who believe in it as much, if not more, of suffering and sacrifice to bring in, as those who believe in the divine destiny of Italy and Japan are prepared to spend for their country. Our goodness and our desire to serve must not go up to the point of personal danger and then stop, but if necessary go right through—even to death itself. I think many Christians are apt to feel that when their motives are good, and they are working hard and unselfishly, then everything should go smoothly, God should look after his own. But it is often when we are doing that which is most right, that we meet with the most opposition and misunderstanding, and our suffering often increases with the rightness of the cause. God has never guaranteed us a smooth way when we were doing His will. We shall never be so supremely right as Christ was, and His Life humanly speaking ended in loneliness, defeat and the Cross. Too much of Christianity in recent times has been easy-going and comfortable, marching in time with the world and not with God. The state of the world to-day is partly caused by the fact that it almost seems as if the forces of Fascism and Communism understand the doctrine of the Cross better than the Church of Christ.

But suffering has come upon us, and God is giving us a chance to redeem ourselves and the world.

We can start right where we are, accepting the sufferings and disasters of the present time as they affect us without unnecessary grumbling and complaint; and above all without bitterness to those, who in our eyes are causing them. We must recognise that while we cannot but believe that they are mistaken and wrong-headed—yet they have much devotion and willingness to sacrifice for their mistaken cause, and that many of the terrible excesses are in a large measure the effects of war on human nature, and are not in any way peculiar to the Japanese, but common to all soldiers in all times and all places.

In the second place we must do all we can to help to the limits of our strength and resources, spiritual and material, all those who are suffering through the ravages of war, of whatever nationality.

And finally, we must still proclaim the better way of love and peace which Jesus died for, we must seek even in the midst of war the ways of peace; and even if we come face to face with a regime which may demand that we make no application of Christ's way to the affairs of the state—we must not submit, we must obey God rather than men, and claim the full right to proclaim the whole Gospel, whatever the consequences may be. In these days of state autocracy, freedom of conscience and speech for all men is an absolute necessity if the allegiance of men to Christ is to be won.

Our devotion to the cause of Love and Justice must be as whole-hearted, thorough-going and all giving as that of the most fervid patriot in Japan, or communist in Russia.

We must re-learn, re-act and relive Christ's eternal message of redemption through suffering, not only for himself, but for all men, not in some vague intangible other-worldly sense, but here and now in the quivering flesh and blood of actual living experience, for only so can his Kingdom come, and his Will be done.

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The Problem of Clothing Refugees in Shanghai

MRS. W. S. NEW

THE problem of providing warm clothes and bedding for all the refugees in Shanghai has been by no means an easy task. When last October I was asked by the Chinese Medical Association to take charge of the donations of old clothes and see that they were distributed to the poor people who had had to evacuate their homes, I had no idea of the proportions to which the project was to grow.

The Clothing Committee grew out of that request. It began with three women—Miss G. F. Dju, Mrs. Li-Ming Hwang Chen, and myself—sorting over old clothes in a small back room of the Chinese Medical Association on Tsepang Road. Now we have more than two hundred workers, besides those who help us by taking bundles of sewing to do at home.

We three began on October 18th. Anyone would think that sorting out old clothes does not require brains, that anyone can

do it. Instead, we found that it required first-class intelligence. The help of the Ginling Alumnae was enlisted. I am a graduate of Ginling College and I know the thoroughgoing training given at that college. The institution stands for high ideals of social service. Its students are taught to solve social problems according to existing realities, and not to pauperize those benefitted—to help them to do things for themselves and not to make beggars out of them. This is the modern scientific approach to social work. The women of the Clothing Committee and the Volunteer Workers include noted graduates of Ginling College, each distinguished in her own line, including those who before the hostilities began were professors, writers, educators and administrators. The majority of them possess M. A. degrees from well-known universities. Each member of the Committee is a personality.

At first when we began there was no system, no precedent. From Hongkong had come 71 bags of old clothes, and we set to work sorting these into piles of wearable clothing. We wore hospital gowns and masks, for much of the clothing was dirty and had to be washed before it could be distributed. The Hongkong ladies requested a statement of how their first consignment had been disposed of. The Clothing Committee sent them an exact report, with many more actual receipts than they had expected. They were pleased to see efficient workers in charge, and immediately dispatched six more consignments. Singapore people followed suit, and thousands of bags of clothing were sent here for the refugees. Not all these have yet been used. Some people, knowing how much easier it is to make up new material, have asked the Clothing Committee to appeal for new material, and leave the old clothes. We do not approve of this plan, for the new material must be bought by someone, and it is not fair to tax the public when old clothes can be used. We feel it is wrong to keep public gifts unused. No hoarding up is necessary. Hence we are eager to open any boxes and bags as soon as they are delivered to us.

What did we do with that first Hongkong consignment and all the consignments which followed? Most of the bags contained thin summer garments which were not suitable to be given to the refugees. It was decided to use two garments of the same size to make one padded garment, or to patch together several to make one warm padded garment. This matching and sorting called for keen intelligence and judgment so that nothing was wasted, and so that the garments were pleasing in appearance. We wanted to cheer the refugees a little. Poor people, they had left their homes, and the belongings they treasured; now they were crowded together in camps, and most uncomfortable, and naturally despondent. If they could have some prettier clothes—especially the children—they would be encouraged to look after themselves, and brighten a little corner in the congested rooms. Bright printed voiles and other gay materials were used to make quilt covers for cotton padded quilts. The American Women's Club helped us to sew these, and took time and patience to make them pretty. To us, these patched quilts are

invaluable and full of meaning, because they are handmade by kind-hearted women. They express love for the suffering people.

When we used old material, we tried to put first quality cotton padding inside, so that next year if the outer covering wears out, the cotton padding will still be good, and only cloth to recover the garment need be bought. When the outer material was new, we used second quality cotton, because we could not afford to use first quality for both covering and lining.

When we began padding clothes, it became necessary to employ sewing women. The Chinese Women's Club gave us \$200.00 and we used this money to buy cotton for padding, and to pay some sewing women. It was not possible to ask women in one refugee camp to sew for those in other camps because of the danger of spreading disease. The women we employed were really refugees but were living in houses with friends or relatives. They receive only a very nominal sum for their work. The Ming Hwa Thread Company allowed their staff of factory women to help us pad garments. The Y.W.C.A. Refugee Camp co-operated with our Committee splendidly by making use of their Labor project to complete garments for our supply.

Later on, we were appointed as a sub-committee of the Shanghai International Red Cross instead of being under the Chinese Medical Association, and I was appointed a member of the Shanghai Relief Committee. Father Jacquinot, Chairman of this Committee, persuaded me to take over responsibility for providing refugees in the Nantao Refugee Zone with clothing. Although the Committee did the planning and directing of this work, Mrs. Chen—the sole responsible lady in charge of the Zone requisition—Mrs. Tsao, and the Sisters at the Sacred Heart primary school were in charge of the actual making of these garments. We owe to them our hearty thanks for their co-operation.

It developed that individual members of the Committee were competent to take care of different phases of the work, and I had only to start a thing going, then delegate it to a competent person. Miss G. F. Dju, chairman of the Shanghai Ginling Alumnae Association, also an authoress on economic problems, has given her full time unstintedly, day and night, Saturday and Sunday, Christmas and New Year's Day, without any stop at all. To her the Committee owes a great deal of gratitude. She has been the treasurer and handles the finances well. Another instance of this is connected with the distribution. Miss H. L. Chang is in charge of this department. Formerly, Miss Chang was a specialist in Physical Education at Ginling College, then at Central University, and later at the Hopei Women's Normal College. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. When Miss Chang began working, there was no set system of distribution. When the Committee began its exhaustive investigations, there was found to be overlapping and waste. At the suggestion of Mr. Doodha, chairman of the Visiting Committee, she introduced and prepared for the guidance of the Clothing Committee, charts for managers of camps and their supporting organizations to fill in. All requisition forms were carefully

examined by the Visiting Committee which sent members to inspect conditions personally, and check the itemized statements of camp managers. Miss F. A. Kirk, of the Ginling College faculty, has contributed time to the Committee, doing secretarial work, which left me time in which to solicit gifts for an increase of supply to answer the pressing needs.

Mr. W. D. Boone and Mr. L. B. Lee are chairman and vice-chairman respectively of this Committee. Working under them is a squad of twenty Boy Scouts under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Here I wish to pay a tribute to these two gentlemen whose strenuous efforts have made it possible to carry out the project of discriminate distribution which the Committee has insisted upon. Each refugee has a number, hence it is easy to check actual requirements when itemized requisitions are presented, but the work is tedious and exacting. This part of the work is most important if overlapping and waste are to be prevented. Besides itemized statements, total amounts are checked on separate sheets, and from these the Distribution Department allots garments.

Under the chart system now in use, it is possible to tell at a glance how many garments have been distributed at any time, where they went, and on what dates. This indicates method and order, without which our work would be impossible.

It is the policy of the Clothing Committee to consider more than just making and providing garments and bedding for refugees. They also consider the public pocket which is already strained to the limit. Business conditions in Shanghai are not too good, and the generosity of the people must not be overtaxed. Funds for food must continue to be provided. We realize that our Clothing Committee is only a part of the enormous responsibility which the International Red Cross is bearing. Whatever we can save means economizing for the whole movement. Therefore we wish to make good use of what has been entrusted to us. Charity means the application of humanitarian principles to business men and donors as well as to receivers. All things must be taken into consideration, and the right people must be given the right things in the right spirit. Intelligence and integrity of character should be persistently exercised in the Red Cross work. If only our Clothing Committee can succeed in emphasizing a pure motive of humanitarian interest in this Red Cross work, its work and labour will be worth while.

There is another point about this Clothing Committee I want to mention. The system we have worked out, through the system of trial and error, may serve at some future time for a precedent and example. It is inevitable that there will be at some time other disasters in which thousands of people need to be cared for. The people in charge of that problem may remember that in 1937-1938 in the crisis in Shanghai a system was worked out, and it will be valuable for reference. Thus it is important that the fundamental principles and system be sound at every point. Now the Committee is not at all sure whether in the end its work may be considered successful or not, but it would like to leave on record a piece of relief work that will stand the test of time.

This project is very small in comparison with the relief work of the whole city, just as one camp is small in comparison with the camps considered together. For that reason, it is better for a city organization like the Y.W.C.A. to mobilize all the women to help in this temporary yet necessary relief. This is one factor which contributed to our decision to change our headquarters to the Y.W.C.A. when we had to give up our previous headquarters at the Chinese Medical Association. Miss Tsao-Yi-Zia is now vice-chairman and she will help to carry on our work in the setting where it properly belongs.

To summarize the whole procedure of the Clothing Committee's work, we have listed the steps as follows:

1. *Keynote of work:* Discriminate Distribution, that is, considering individual needs, and attempting to avoid duplication.
2. *Steps involved in Centralizing the Supply:*
 - a. Sorting of old clothes.
 - b. Classified storing.
 - c. Padding garments.
 - d. Making of new suits from donated woollen and cotton cloth.
 - e. Receiving donated garments—new.
 - f. Receiving donated old garments.
 - g. Selecting different types of clothes to fit different groups of people.
 - h. Purchasing or exchange.
3. *Steps involved in Centralizing the Distribution:*
 - a. Requisition.
 - b. Investigation.
 - c. Verification.
 - d. Preparation.
 - e. Distribution.

Herewith we give a summary of the work done in figures:

1. Clothing distributed from the Hongkong consignments, Oct. 8—Dec. 7 94,576 pieces
2. New and old cotton garments made locally and distributed, Dec. 7—Jan. 10:

Nantao Zone	40,000
Settlement	16,912
	56,912 pieces
- Total 151,488 pieces
3. Quilts made and distributed, Dec. 7—Jan. 14, 2,541.
4. Contributions in Cash, Oct. 18—Jan. 10, \$1,051.00.
5. Contributions of other than cash, Oct. 18—Jan. 10: 3,954 pieces clothing, 612 pairs trousers, 117 quilts, 379 quilt covers, 23 blankets, and 1,150 piculs cotton.

From Ren Chi Tan: 13,028 lbs. cotton, 20,000 cotton jackets, and 2,718 bolts of cloth.

We expect to complete our job by the end of January. After all, a man eats and then must go on eating every day; but once he has a warm suit of clothing it will last a whole season, and the same is true with a padded quilt. That is why we are concentrating our efforts in an attempt to finish our task by the end of this month, so that we can turn our attention to other things. The problem of clothing refugees, once it is solved, should not absorb the time and energy of our talented women who are well equipped to do another piece of humanitarian work more permanent in nature. "No charity is inexhaustible."

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Education in Shanghai Refugee Camps.

H. S. REDFERN

THE city of Shanghai originally consisted of the International and French Settlements with a population of about a million persons around which were situated various districts—the Chinese City, Nantao, Chapei, etc.—constituting "Greater Shanghai," and said to contain as many as two and a half millions of people. The total population of Shanghai and the surrounding district was thus said to be three and a half million.

In the middle of October when Greater Shanghai came under the control of the Japanese forces, a large portion of this area was rendered derelict and the bulk of its former inhabitants became homeless. About 250,000 found temporary shelter in the "Jacquinet Safety Zone" in Nantao, others scattered throughout the countryside, but most of the rest entered the Settlements. Some were there accommodated in the homes of friends or relatives, others, less fortunate, "camped out" on the streets, whilst 300,000 were received into various War Refugee Camps. These camps, about 181 in number, had been prepared and were under the control of a dozen or so organizations, such as, the Shanghai Relief Association, the Federation of Charity Organizations, the Red Swastika Society and the Anti-kidnapping Society. During October of last year the International Committee of the Red Cross was formed, to which was delegated by charter from the National Red Cross Society the power to raise funds and apply them for the relief of the sick, wounded and destitute in Shanghai and the surrounding areas. The Shanghai Committee, of which Dr. J. E. Baker is Director, co-ordinates and, where necessary, supplements the work of these various organizations and, when their funds run low, gives them financial assistance. It is able to render this assistance to these smaller organizations because it appeals to a much larger constituency than do they. Their support is largely local whereas the Red Cross is a worldwide organization.

The activities of the Shanghai International Red Cross are very diverse. Sub-committees are at work dealing with such matters as Publicity and Appeals, Membership, Medical Care, Epidemics as well as that of the Refugee Committee itself. This latter committee is

again sub-divided and one section is devoted to Education—a subject with which this short article is specially concerned.

The camps themselves are of many different kinds. Some are buildings of a more or less public character—temples, monasteries, nunneries, guildhouses, school or college buildings—converted to this use, while others consist of matsheds specially erected for the purpose. These sheds are often very large and are built on land formerly used as coal-yards, the playgrounds of schools or simply lying vacant. In these camps food, clothing and shelter are provided for this multitude of 300,000 people, at a cost, it is said, of one million dollars per month. In addition, a great variety of activities are engaged in with a view to meeting their more intangible needs. Thus many of the inmates are given opportunities to engage in such occupations as embroidering, the making or mending of shoes, and the knitting of stockings. In many camps vigorous evangelistic campaigns are being conducted whilst in nearly all some educational work for children or adults (or both) is being carried on. This work is conducted by the Educational Committee with the assistance of about a dozen inspectors who divide the field amongst them. Through the medium of these inspectors, investigations of the status of educational work in each camp are conducted and assistance rendered by supplying school equipment, text-books, and even by giving financial assistance to the schools in the engagement of teachers.

From an educational point of view the problems presented by these camps are as varied as the camps themselves. In some, particularly in those which are occupying former school buildings, educational equipment of all kinds is available and a full programme of education, including work of kindergarten, lower and higher primary grades and adult instruction is carried on. In others the work is of a more primitive character. In some of these, mat sheds are set aside as class-rooms. Pupils sit on the ground, on rough benches, or in some cases, on biscuit tins, provided by the committee, which serve the double purpose of receptacles for books and of seats for the pupils. In other cases conditions are still more primitive and pupils are either taught sitting on the ground of the courtyard, or in sheds which are used at night for sleeping purposes.

One case seems to the writer to be especially worthy of commendation. It is that of a large camp of 2,200 inmates. These are accommodated in seven large mat sheds. No separate room is set aside as a class-room but each of the seven sheds serves not only as a dormitory by night but as a school house during the day. One end of the shed is used as a class room, bedding being all rolled up and cleared away for the purpose, and the pupils sitting on the wooden floor in front of a blackboard. In this way two classes for children and one for the adults of each shed are carried on. A pupil-teacher system is also in vogue, the more advanced pupils receiving instruction from better qualified teachers and passing it on to beginners. In many cases the teachers are themselves refugees, being originally employed in schools now destroyed. They receive no salary for their work, but live and eat with the other inmates of the camp.

In another camp, having 4,000 inmates, a special shed has been erected for classroom work and religious services. In this shed a vigorous evangelistic work is being carried on, hundreds of decisions for Christ being recorded. By drawing a curtain down the centre this preaching hall can be readily converted into two very serviceable classrooms. In these two rooms seven hundred and forty children are receiving instruction.

In going in and out amongst these camps one is struck by the fortitude and even cheerfulness displayed by the inmates in the midst of the most pitiable and tragic conditions. This resilience of the Chinese people, saving them from sinking into utter wretchedness and despair, is one of their most praiseworthy characteristics. A small army of Chinese and foreign helpers working on an honorary basis under the auspices of the Red Cross or kindred organizations is seeking, by bringing occupational, vocational or educational activities into the camps, to re-enforce this natural resilience. In addition many Christians are finding in these camps an almost unique opportunity for Christian service and a most fruitful field in which to plant the gospel message. Many missionaries, driven from their usual work by war conditions, have found that, though God has closed one door of Christian service to them, He has opened up to them an even greater opportunity for service amongst the inmates of these war refugee camps.

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Educational Work in Refugee Camps.

MIRIAM E. NULL

EDUCATIONAL work in refugee camps is under the direction of a Red Cross committee of which Mr. H. C. Chen is chairman. In addition to the regular committee members, there are about twelve camp inspectors whose duty it is to visit camps, help them to organize educational work, put them in touch with available supplies and teachers, and stimulate them to keep up to the standards set by the committee, concerning subjects taught, hours per day in class, etc.

An attempt is being made to organize both children's and adult education in each camp. The curriculum varies according to the energy and vision of the camp leaders and the space and equipment available. Some camps think they do well if they only conduct classes in reading Chinese. Others add any or all of the following subjects:—arithmetic, health, physical training and games, general knowledge, handwork, citizenship, and singing. For adults, Chinese reading, health, citizenship, and some kind of vocational or handwork are urged. In one place embroidery and lacemaking are being started for about 300 women. Knitting, making cloth shoes and padded garments, and metal work are carried on in other camps. Educational moving pictures are to be shown in camps wherever possible.

The Red Cross committee attempts to provide each child and each adult enrolled in regular classes with a graded Chinese reader,

pencil, and writing pad. Arithmetic texts and song books for teachers' use, reference materials on health and citizenship, health posters, blackboards, and chalk are also provided.

Needless to say one of the biggest problems in most camps is finding a place for classes to meet when every foot of available floor space is covered with refugees and their bedding. A few very fortunate camps have separate rooms. Some with open ground near by have classes out of doors. In such cases a few days of bad weather are a serious check on educational progress. In one temple a windy, open court is used, and in another camp a small space about 12 by 15 feet which is really a passage way between two of the camp buildings is called a class room. Imagine trying to conduct classes in such places with all the confusion of outside people talking and moving around.

A few camps have desks or tables and benches for class use. But in others, the pupils simply stand up. The Red Cross committee has been able to send empty biscuit tins to a few camps for seats, but the supply has long ago been exhausted. Small pieces of heavy cardboard are supplied to pupils for a solid surface on which to rest writing materials if no desks are available.

During cold weather, educational work in some camps is almost at a standstill. If clothing is insufficient and people are cold, and the only way to keep warm is to lie underneath their bed covers, they cannot be asked to roll up their bedding during the day and free floor space for class use. In one place children had padded coats but no warm trousers. They could not be expected to be eager to go to a draughty passage way to shiver for an hour of classwork when they could remain comparatively warm under their bedding.

And yet in spite of all these handicaps, we find many teachers and pupils eager to do their best, and we know progress is being made. Many children are just as bright and alert as they can be. When making a second visit to one of the camps, some of the children read to me from their new readers which had been supplied by the Red Cross committee. Their eagerness and pride made one long for a real school for them. Many of the children have undoubtedly attended good schools in the past.

Many people in the camps have always been very poor, but many others have been reasonably well off, the war having suddenly made them destitute by destroying all they possessed. The following letter received from a man in one of the camps illustrates the latter type.

"Miss Rule,

I beg to inform you that soon after the Sino-Japanese War broke out, I was out of work; and, being unable to return to my native place for lack of money, I finally became a refugee in the First Refuge. Although I have been released from starvation, yet I do not wish to live without working, and, knowing that you are charitable toward the poor, I beg you to find a position for me in order that I can earn my living. I am

a native of Wuchang, Hupeh, aged twenty-one, and have graduated from a senior middle school in my native place. At present I belong to the 2nd department of the 2nd floor in this refuge.

I shall be deeply grateful to you if you promise to help me.

I am

Yours truly,

Wei Chung-hsing."

I have been delighted with the spirit and vision shown by some of the Christian camp managers, who are a great contrast to some of the managers whose tendency seems to be to simply "exist" with their people during the next few months. The sanitation and cleanliness of the camps is a very big problem everywhere, but one feels some managers are not putting forth much effort to attack it. It was very refreshing when a young Christian manager of a camp under non-Christian auspices requested me to do all I could to furnish his camp with wash cloths, soap, and spittoons! He took me out to the kitchen where everything seemed very well managed, but the faces and hands of the workers were dirty. We don't expect much else these days, but the young manager called my attention to this condition and said in effect, "Now if we just had some wash-cloths and some soap, we could all have clean faces." When people are on a subsistence level, as at present, one realizes anew the cost of cleanliness. But this man felt his responsibility went farther than simply feeding his people, and judging from his general attitude, I am sure he felt it went further also than merely keeping them clean. There are fine opportunities for religious work in many of the camps, especially in those under Christian managers. One man said, "I hope all the children in my camp will learn to know their Heavenly Father."

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Wounded Soldiers Find God

AIMEE B. MILLICAN

FROM my window I watched the rain of bombs. I saw a shell burst on a neighboring roof. Machine gun fire was rending the air. What of the brave defenders out in the thick of it? I must go to see if an untrained person could be of any use to those whose bodies have been torn by these up-to-date methods of killing. Nearby was an old building which the doctors and nurses had snatched from the hands of wreckers and had converted into an emergency hospital after four days and nights of work. On the fifth day they took in five hundred severely wounded men. Then there were six hundred. There I found them stretched out on improvised beds—men with bodies torn by bayonets, pierced with bullets, many of which were still lodged in their bodies, or with arms and legs blown off or else the bones all fractured.



THE "LITTLE GENERALISSIMO"
Head Nurse in One of the Emergency Hospitals



WOUNDED BUT CHEERFUL



HEALED AND DEPARTED TO THE HINTERLAND



PASTORS AND LAY WORKERS COOPERATE IN THE MINISTRY OF
PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL HEALING

(Left to right; President T. H. Lee of Futan University, Miss Chow (Head nurse shown overleaf), and two Shanghai pastors.)

Nurses were flitting about everywhere, yet it was impossible to serve each helpless man before his bowl of rice cooled off. The lonely helplessness after the excitement of battle brought tears to eyes that had laughed at falling bombs. Yonder was one cursing his helpless condition. I picked up his chop sticks to feed him. He surrendered to my ministry when I explained it was because he had suffered to save us. Perhaps it was my grey hairs which brought the confession, as I fed another, "It is a long time since I have seen my mother. I have no 'face' to return to her now for I have not been a good boy." Then there was another whose arm had been blown from him out there in all that madness. He told me of his mother's parting advice; "Son, if you get into a hard place remember these words, 'Jesus save me.'" On occasion, he said, she attended a church in the far interior. On the three-mile walk before he was picked up, he remembered his mother's words. Each time he sank exhausted from loss of blood he offered that prayer and strength came to carry on. Christian laymen came to supplement the work of the nurses. It was a demonstration of the Christian life. Others gave money to finance a diet kitchen for those who might not survive on the regular diet of rice and dried vegetables (You must remember China is not a military nation nor was she prepared for a war). The head nurse cooked this special diet herself in her office on little charcoal stoves. Is it any wonder the men finally fondly nicknamed her "The Little Generalissimo"? It was no time for preaching about the Gospel. The demonstration of it was bearing fruit, however. One night on leaving I called to a room full of men, "I shall pray for you tonight at home." "Oh, do you pray? I do too," called a happy sufferer from his bed. The next day the man whose curses had first attracted me to him was all smiles. He said, "You have prayed. This man here has prayed for me and he has taught me how to pray. I am so happy and the pain in my arm is better."

In time the days of agony, when brave men pleaded to have their limbs amputated rather than endure more pain, passed. Then they were given books to read. The testimony of their Generalissimo, they took with reverence. It comforted them, when not reading, as it lay close by on the pillows. They found that he reports each morning for directions and orders to the great COMMANDER. They too began to find the secret of his hidden strength which at this time makes him the calmest man in the government. But some had not learned to read. Books with pictures and easy reading about "New Life Comes to The Villiage" were given to them together with paper and pencils. The hum of a school room took the place of the groans of a hospital.

Then came the stage when the first ones began to hobble around on their crutches. A convalescent is always a bit trying. Convalescent soldiers are reputed to be the hardest to discipline. Their orthodox way of expressing disapproval is by smashing up the rice bowls. One day the cook had rendered the rice really unedible. One man smashed a bowl. At once companions put a stop to such conduct and punished him for it.

One night an innocent little trick ended in a feud between two rooms. The head nurse found her nurses trembling in fear with the situation. "To bed every one of you men," their "Little Generalissimo" ordered, "and don't speak a word for five minutes. Think what Jesus is thinking of you. Then read your Bibles." The effect produced was a surprise to her. Quiet at once reigned and the affair was never mentioned again.

When there were about one hundred men who could hobble about, a room was set aside for games and worship. Carried on the backs of comrades, supported by stools and on crutches, they come to their service Sunday afternoon. The nurses and layman friends are there to worship with them. Some of them have given up smoking and used that money to buy Bibles. On Christmas day the men of the U.S.A. Marine Band came to play for them. At the close of the service a wounded officer rose to his feet. The others in military fashion rose to attention. Then the officer expressed the appreciation of the men and hoped that the spirit of unity in our Christian service would always hold China and America together.

Chinese New Year time, separated from home and one's comrades of the regiment on top of three months of hospitalization, is no enviable lot. The head nurse wished we could have a New Year's bowl of dumplings for each man. But it would take three thousand to give each one only ten. It would cost too much. We talked it over with one ward. "Oh, we can make them ourselves. It will be like being home." Then they began to plan what must go into it. "But some of this," calls one from a bed, "and some of that," calls another. Pencil and paper are out to estimate the cost. They cut our figure in half. And so we have Chinese New Year happiness in the hospital today while those who are up are making dumplings for all of them.

Men who were problem cases in the wards have been changed so that they lead in keeping order and discipline. The superintendent told one that while he calls himself an atheist, he can't but approve of the religious education program in the hospital, which he feels has promoted cooperation among the staff and reduced discipline to a minimum. Hundreds of soldiers after their hospitalization in Shanghai have gone back to the hinterland with the sword of the Spirit and with the knowledge that beside the professional friends in doctors and nurses and pastors, there are Christian business men, a university president and mothers who have stood by them in hours of loneliness and suffering and who do not forget them. One anti-aircraft gunner said he was learning all he could about the Bible before he leaves so he can tell his comrades about it when he returns. Another wants to go to a Bible school after the war.

A Japanese pastor tells me their soldiers want nothing so much as to go back home. I asked a number of the Chinese wounded if they thought our two countries could cooperate again in case the Japanese soldiers all did go home. "Of course we could. We don't hate the Japanese people," they said. Of British Tommies on duty out on Boundary Road, I asked what they wanted to do. The reply was invariably that they want to go home. They are sick of the

mess out here. One said, "I'm done with soldiering." What a difference it would make to our world if the soldier boys could have their desire and be allowed to turn from destructive to creative work. "When the common sense of MOST shall hold the fretful realm in awe, And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law." If the common people, who have to do the suffering and pay the bills for wars, could have the running of the ship of State she might be directed into more placid waters.

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War Losses in Rural Area, North China

ANONYMOUS

FIFTEEN villages were selected within a five mile radius of one of the North China cities which recently experienced the realities of war. These villages were typical and lay in every direction from the city. It may be prudent to leave all names out of this account of the attempt on the part of a foreigner and a Chinese to collect such data as would give a general idea of the damage caused to the vast civilian and rural population by the present military operations. No account is here taken of the very serious losses suffered in the city by the urban population from bombing, shelling, looting, fire and evacuation. The figures here given are frankly estimates, but were secured on the ground by the investigators from village heads and responsible farmers after careful discussion. Losses of civilians killed and missing were by actual count. In the case of more than half of the villages, the figures for losses represent an actual house-to-house canvas by the village authorities. The writer is of the opinion that, with a possible 20% off for exaggeration in some cases, these figures give a fairly accurate account of the facts.

Table I. Number of Families and Acreage Cultivated.

	Total for 15 villages	Average per village	Average per family
Number of families	1,913	126.20	—
Number of mou cultivated ..	29,503	1,966.86	15.42

The last figure showing 15.42 mou cultivated per family (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) is very significant in showing what a small tract of land must produce to keep alive the average family of five persons. This figure closely corresponds with more careful and exhaustive surveys of others on this point.

Table 2. Civilians Killed, Missing, or Away.

	Total for 15 villages	Average per village	Average per family
Civilians killed:			
Men	69	4.6	—
Women	11	.73	—
Children	—	—	—

Civilians missing without trace:

Men	68	4.53	—
Women	52	3.46	—
Children	20	1.33	—

Evacuated, not yet back:

Men	680	45.33	—
Women	1,766	117.73	—

Eye-witnesses of the evacuation say that some nine-tenths of the population abandoned their homes. The roads were packed with a stream of humanity moving southward. To make matters worse, rainy weather prevailed during those days. Parents were separated from their children. Packages carried at first proved too heavy as refugees grew weary and the roadside was strewn with cast-off articles, often of considerable value. A friend told the writer of seeing a mother, unable to carry her five-year-old boy farther, offer him to a village group, saying that she would have to throw him away or find a home. Someone gave her eight dollars for him.

Table 3. Losses convertible into Dollars.

	Total for 15 villages	Average per village	Average per family
Assessments of labor and fodder for military purposes	\$ 29,865.00	\$ 1,991.00	\$ 15.61
Looted:			
Money	2,600.00	173.33	1.36
Clothes and bedding	16,094.00	1,072.93	8.41
Chickens, pigs and goats ..	2,880.00	192.00	1.50
Cart animals	14,662.00	977.47	7.67
Wrecked or burned:			
Furniture	5,500.00	366.67	2.87
Buildings	10,300.00	686.67	5.38
Grain consumed or taken	30,541.00	2,636.07	15.96
Damage to crops in fields	64,610.00	4,307.33	33.77
Loss in drop of price of cotton..	36,600.00	2,440.00	19.13
Miscellaneous losses (land taken for trenches, airfield, etc.) ..	14,258.00	950.53	7.46
Total financial loss ...	\$238,349.00	\$15,882.60	\$124.54

"Labor and fodder for military purposes" is an item Chinese farmers had become accustomed to during their civil wars. In the present one, the figure is exceptionally large, averaging a dollar per mou, which is the unit usually taxed by the village heads for labor in digging trenches, fodder for the cavalry, etc.

A most serious loss is that of "grain consumed or taken." This was what had been harvested, but disappeared, being eaten by soldiers and their animals or taken away, or sometimes even set fire to. A parallel loss is the "damage to crops in fields," due to not being able to harvest, or to delayed harvesting or to military operations of various sorts. Grain is what the farmer depends upon

to feed himself and family through the winter, as well as to exchange for clothing and other necessities. The loss of his crop is equivalent to famine on top of other losses.

Cotton brought \$16 a picul last year at this time where it now brings only \$7, due to the impossibility of moving it to the chief market, Tientsin, without great danger of robbery or confiscation.

Finally, the most significant figure is that of the average loss per family of \$124.54. We have no reliable figures for the total average production per family for this area, but studies of two villages sixty miles away show the total annual income to be \$150 and \$180 in round figures. It is therefore apparent that the farm families of this area, most of whom have little or no reserves of cash or grain, have lost on the average at least two-thirds of their total annual income on which they depend to subsist. Taking into consideration the fact that the losses were not equally distributed, we are driven to the conclusion that the plight of great numbers is desperate, and that prompt and effective measures are necessary to keep alive through the coming winter those who were, though innocent, so unfortunate as to be caught in the path of the armies.

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The Earliest Christian Monument in China

A NEW TRANSLATION

GEO. W. HINMAN

[T]HE translator offers this rendering in the hope that the Christian ideas in the text may be made clearer, without straining the strict meaning, and that the beauty of the original, with its balanced and rhythmical phrases, may be more evident; that the abundance of information concerning the beliefs and practices of the followers of the "religion of light" may lead to a wider study of this unique memorial of early Christianity in China, and help toward a restoration of the religion of Christ to the place of influence it appears to have had under the Tang dynasty.

Like the poetic works of the Old Testament the inscription should be translated so as to preserve the original metrical form. The numerous references to Buddhist and Taoist ideas, and to the common phrases of the Chinese classics, can hardly be understood without a commentary; but it is hoped that the Christian references may be more readily recognized, and attest the genuineness of the faith as it was proclaimed in China over a thousand years ago.—G. W. H.]

Monument Celebrating the Introduction and Diffusion in the Middle Kingdom of the Religion of Light. Recorded by Ching-ching, a monk of the Syrian Monastery.

Behold! The Unchanging One, in the true stillness,
Eternally before the first, distant and intangible spirit,
Continuing after the last, in mysterious existence;
The deep focus of the universe, He created and transformed;
More wonderful than all the saints, through his original majesty,
Is He not our triune mystic Person,
The unoriginated True Lord, Eloah?

Dividing the universe, He established the four quarters;
Stirring up the primeval wind, He developed the two principles.
Darkness and the void were transformed,
So that heaven and earth were separated;
The sun and the moon revolved,
So that day and night succeeded each other.

He created and perfected all things;
Then He established primitive man.
Further, He gave him a spiritual nature;
He commanded him to rule over the world.

Man's original spirit was wholly humble;
So he was not arrogant.
His simple, careless heart
Was originally without lust.

Then Satan, giving out falsehoods,
Superficially pretending to be a pure spirit,
Sought equal greatness (with God)
In relation to right, on the one hand,
And attempted a spurious identity (with Him)
In connection with evil, on the other.

In consequence, the three hundred and sixty-five kinds (all living beings)

Followed shoulder to shoulder in a beaten track;
Struggling together, they wove (about themselves) the net of the law,
Either pointing to material things as objects of trust and honor,
Or losing the distinction between emptiness and existence,
Or praying and sacrificing to invite happiness,
Or boasting of goodness to deceive men.

Going to and fro, anxious for knowledge,
Their thoughts and feelings were in constant agitation;
But vaguely without result.

Burning in their urgency they were consumed;
Piling up confusion, they lost the road;
Long deceived, they were unable to return.

Upon this the divided person of our Triune God,
The glorious and honored Messiah,
Veiling and hiding His true majesty,
Was born into the world as a man.

A heavenly spirit proclaimed the happy event;
A virgin gave birth to the Holy One in Syria.
A brilliant constellation announced happiness;
Persians saw the glory, and came to bring gifts.

He fulfilled that which was spoken
In the old law by the twenty-four prophets,
Which regulated the family and the nation by great doctrines.
He founded the new teaching, unexpressed in words,
Through the pure spirit of the Triune,
Moulding the spiritual nature by true faith.

He laid down the rule of the eight conditions,
Burning away the dross and perfecting the truth.
He revealed the three gates that abide,
Opening the way to life and destroying death.

He was lifted up as a glorious sun
To break open the dark halls,
So that the wiles of the devil were completely destroyed.

He rowed the boat of mercy
To reach the palaces of light,
So that all souls safely arrived.

This mighty work completed,
He ascended at midday to his true place.

Of scriptures there were left twenty-seven books,
Proclaiming fundamental conversion,
To open the doors of the soul.

Religious baptism by water and the Spirit
Washes away empty glory,
And one is purified, white and innocent.

Holding the cross as a symbol,
The four directions are harmonized,
So that there is an unlimited fellowship.

They strike the wooden bell,
The sound of love and charity;

They worship toward the east,
The path of life and glory;

They retain the beard,
To show they must have outward good conduct;

They shave the crown,
To show that they must be without inward selfishness;

They do not keep male or female slaves,
Treating equally the noble and the mean among men.

They do not store up property and money,
Proclaiming as a trust that which is left to us.

Purification is made perfect by surrender and meditation;
Self-restraint grows strong by silence and watchfulness.

Seven times a day they worship and praise,
Greatly blessing the living and the dead;

Once in seven days they offer the bloodless sacrifice,
Cleansing the heart to restore purity.

This true and eternal doctrine
Is mysterious and hard to describe;
Its merits and uses are splendidly manifested;
It must be praised as the religion of light.

However,

The Truth without a prophet will not flourish;
A prophet without the Truth will not become great;
When Truth and the prophet join together,
The world becomes cultured and enlightened.

When Tai Tsung, accomplished emperor, began his destined career in light and glory, intelligent and righteous toward his people, there was a very virtuous man of the kingdom of Syria, called Alopen, who,

Divining by the blue clouds,
And bringing true scriptures and pictures,
Observed the harmony of the winds,
To hasten through difficulties and dangers.

In the ninth year of the Chang Kuang period, he arrived at Chang-an. The emperor sent his prime minister, Duke Fang Hsuan Ling, in charge of a guard, to receive the guest at the western frontier that he might enter within the palace.

The scriptures were translated in the imperial library;
There was an examination of the doctrine in the forbidden halls.
The emperor fully understood its correctness and purity,
And specially commanded that it be proclaimed and taught.

In the twelfth Chang Kuang year, in the autumn, the seventh month, the imperial command declared:

"Truth has no constant name;
Holy men have no invariable method;
Teaching is established according to the country,
So that the host of the living are ferried across in crowds.

"From the kingdom of Syria a man of great virtue, Alopen,

Brings from afar scriptures and pictures,
Coming to offer them at the high capital.

Examining carefully the principles of the doctrine,
They are profound and mysterious, not man-made;
Surveying its original ideas,
They are important for perfecting and establishing life.

Their expressions are without excessive words;
Their reasonableness can 'forget the trap.'
It helps the poor in goods and profit;
It should advance to all under heaven.

"Let the local officials immediately erect a Syrian monastery in the I-ning district of the capital, for twenty-one regular monks."

When the virtue of the ancestors of the Chou dynasty failed,
And the rider on the black chariot had ascended to the west,
The character of the great Tang dynasty shone out,
And the wind of the religion of light blew toward the east.

Afterwards officers were commanded to take the portrait of the emperor and transfer it to the wall of the monastery.

The heavenly presence was pervasive and brilliant,
Luxuriant and clear on the gates of the religion of light.
The sacred likeness quickly brought good fortune,
Eternal splendor to the congregation of the doctrine.

According to the Illustrated Records of Western Lands, and the histories of the Han and the Wei dynasties, the kingdom of Syria,

On the south controls the coral sea;
On the north reaches to the hills of many precious stones;
On the west one can see the flowers and forests of the fairy boundary;
On the east it reaches to the "long wind" and the "weak water."

Its land produces fire-washed cloth,
Incense that restores the soul,
Bright moon pearls,
Night-shining jewels.

The people are without thieves and robbers;
Its men have happiness and strength.
Religion, not light-giving, does not spread;
Rulers, not virtuous, cannot be established.
Its lands are extensive and broad;
Its civilization and wealth are abundant and glorious.

The great emperor, Kao Tsung,
Well-fitted to carry on the work of his ancestors,
Adorned and glorified the colors of the true religion.
Accordingly he set up Syrian monasteries
Everywhere in all the provinces,
And further revered Alopen,
As Protector of the Kingdom and Lord of Religion.

This religion spread to all the ten sections;
The kingdom became rich and very great;
Monasteries abounded in the hundred cities;
Families flourished in light-giving happiness.

In the Sheng-li year

Buddhists used their influence,
Raising their voices in Eastern Chou;
After the Hsin-tien period
The lower scholars laughed,
And spoke evil of it in the Western Hao.

There were, however, the Abbot Lohan and Bishop Chilieh, both from noble families of the Golden Region, unworldly eminent monks.

They cooperated in restoring the fundamental principles;
They joined together to tie up the broken knots.

That most devout emperor, Hsuan Tung, ordered the Prince of Ning Kuo and the four other princes

Personally to visit the fortunate buildings,
And strongly establish the altars and courts.

The beam of the law, temporarily twisted,
Was leveled up again;

The foundation of the doctrine, temporarily fallen,
Was restored to the proper place.

At the beginning of Tien Bo, the imperial command was issued to General Kao Li-shih,

"Present true portraits of the five Holy Ones,
Placing them with dignity in the monastery,
Delivering, with congratulations, pictures of the Wise Ones."

Although the beard of the dragon is far away,
Yet the bow and the sword may be grasped.
The horns of the sun spread light;
The heavenly countenances are very near.

In the third year there was in the kingdom of Syria the monk Chi-ho;

Considering the stars, and facing the transformed conditions,
He looked toward the sun and came to salute the Exalted One.

By imperial command the monk Lo-han and the monk Pu-lun, with a band of seventeen men, together with Bishop Chi-ho, cultivated merit and virtue in the Hsing-king palace; thereupon The Heavenly Person composed an inscription for the monastery; The tablet bore the dragon writing.

Precious, embellished like gems and the kingfisher's wing,
Burning brilliant, red as the clouds of sunset.

The message of his intuitive wisdom was as vast as the heavens,
Mounting up and climbing like the impetuous sun.

His kindness and generosity are like the southern mountains,
exceeding high;

His copious enrichment is like the eastern sea, equally deep.

There is nothing impossible to the truth;

What is possible should be described.

There is nothing the Holy One cannot accomplish;

What He does should be proclaimed.

Su Tsung, accomplished and enlightener emperor, established again the monasteries of the religion of light in the districts of Lung-wu, five in all.

His great goodness gave help,

So that an era of happiness and rewards was opened;

Great blessings came down,

So that the imperial estate was established.

Tai Tsung, the accomplished and martial emperor,
Amplified and expanded the sacred fortunes,
Managing all things without effort.

Each time, at the birthday of the one who came down,
He bestowed imperial incense to announce the accomplished work;
He prepared imperial food to honor all in the religion of light.

Moreover, through favorable gains,
Thereby was he able to expand life;

The Holy One, by sympathetic understanding of fundamentals,

Thereby was able to match any destructive influence.

Our Chien Chung, sacred, spiritual, accomplished and martial emperor,

Developing the eight ranks of government

Degraded or promoted the obscure and the eminent;

Making plain the nine classifications,

The commands of the religion of light were renewed.

Transformed and interpenetrated by profound reasonableness,

One can pray without shame in his heart.

That those who reach high position, may yet be humble,
Those who are quiet and complete in themselves, may yet be considerate,

With broad mercy saving all who suffer.

With righteous forgiveness protecting the crowd of the living,

This is our great plan, in cultivating virtue,

This is our ladder of progress to lead and entice (men.)

To the end that wind and rain may be seasonable,

That all under heaven may be peaceable,

That men may be able to follow reason,

That material things may be purified,

That the living may be prosperous,

That the dead may be happy,

That feelings may spring out of sincerity,

This is, through the strength of the religion of light,

Our work and use, through our power to serve.

Our great benefactor, the minister of state, possessing the brilliant rank of the gold and purple, assistant military officer of Shuo-fang, overseer in the examination halls, he who was presented with the ecclesiastical cloak, the monk, I-ssu,—

He was a friendly and gracious man;

Having heard the doctrine he practiced it diligently;

Far away, from the city of Wang-hsia,

Straightway he came to Middle Hsia.

His ability was as high as that of the Three Dynasties;

His skill and wisdom were complete,

First, he exerted himself with self-restraint in the vermillion halls,

His name was inscribed in the tent of the prince.

When the Grand Chancellor, prince of the district of Fen-yang, the Duke Kuo Tze I, first commanded the troops in Shuo-fang, Su Tsung permitted this man to follow and travel with the expedition. Although he was observed to be intimate with the prince within the bedchamber, yet he did not separate himself from among those on the march;

He was claws and teeth for the duke;
He acted as ears and eyes for the army.
Able to scatter his official income in gifts,
He did not lay up wealth for his family,
He offered the crystal cup received by imperial favor;
He spread the golden carpet as a kneeling cushion,
Planning to restore the ancient monasteries,
Or to still further enlarge the halls of the law.
He beautifully decorated the galleries and corridors,
Resplendent, like the pheasant in flight,
He followed more fully the teachings of the religion of light;
Trusting in benevolence, he gave away all his gains.

Each year he gathered together monks and disciples at the four monasteries,
Devoutly serving them and scrupulously supplying them,
Providing everything during five ten-day periods.

When the hungry came he fed them;
When the poor came he clothed them;
The sick to be healed he raised up;
The dead to be buried he laid to rest.

Among the pure and chaste monks such a splendid man was never heard of; now he is to be seen among the white-robed scholars of the religion of light.

We wish to engrave a great tablet,
To praise such excellent virtue.

The poem says:

"The true Lord, without beginning,
Profound, silent, unchanging,
He had power to fashion and transform,
Raising up the earth and establishing the heavens;
He divided his person and was born as a man,
Saving and ferrying (men) across without limit;
He ascended as the sun; darkness was destroyed;
All bore witness to the true mystery.

"That most majestic of emperors, (Tai Tsung)
Excelled in right thinking the former kings.
Seizing the opportune time he put down rebellion,
And the religion of light shone forth brilliantly.

"Speaking again of our Tang Dynasty,
Scriptures were translated, monasteries established,
Living and dead voyaged in the boat of mercy;
The hundred forms of happiness cooperated,
Securing the peace of the ten thousand tribes.

"Kao Tsung, completing the record of his ancestors,
Built again the pure mansions;
Temples of harmony were spacious and bright,
Spreading everywhere in the Middle Land.
True doctrine was clearly proclaimed;
A Lord of Religion was officially appointed;
Men had joy and peace;
Nature was without calamity or misery.

"Hsuan Tsung began his sacred career,
Able to cultivate truth and righteousness.
An imperial tablet made known his glory;
The divine inscription was elegant and dazzling.

"The emperor's picture shone with the luster of gems;
The farthest limit of the land paid high reverence.
The multitude of his activities were all successful;
Men trusted in his good fortune.

"Su Tsung came back again to the throne;
His heavenly majesty led the chariot;
Like the sacred sun he shed brightness,
A favorable wind swept away the night;
Felicity returned to the imperial household;
The baleful atmosphere was forever dissipated.
He stopped the turmoil and quieted the confusion;
He built up our district of Hsia.

"Tai Tsung was filial and righteous;
His virtue matched heaven and earth.
Scattering gifts, he developed and perfected his possessions,
Bringing wealth and fortunate gains to his people.
Offering incense, he reported his service,
Benevolent, he practiced charity.
From the valleys of the sunrise they came to reverence him,
From the caves of the moon all were gathered together.

"The Chien Chung emperor rules absolutely,
Restoring at once resplendent virtue.
As a warrior he is respected within the four seas;
As a scholar he purified the ten thousand lands.
He illuminated and revealed the secrets of men;
In a mirror he recognized the appearance of things;
The six directions are brilliantly revived;
The hundred barbarian tribes accept his rule.

"Our doctrine is very extensive:
 Its correspondence (with life) is very close.
 We are compelled to announce and discuss it:
 We must preach the Triune God.
 Our Lord is able to do his work:
 We his servants can proclaim it,
 Let us set up a noble monument,
 And praise the primal goodness."

Erected on a great Sunday in Chien-chung, the second year (780) in the year Tso-ioh, Tai-tsuh month, seventh day, of the Great Tang Dynasty,

At this time the monk Nung-su was Lord of Religion, overseeing the congregations of the religion of light in the Eastern Regions.

Lu Hsin Yen, serving as counselor before the imperial court, superintendent of Tai-chow, general, writes this.

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In Remembrance

DR. FRANK W. BIBLE, 1877-1937

(From The Park Alumniad, Park College, Parkville, Mo., U.S.A.)

Frank W. Bible, D.D., LL.D., died November 15th, 1937, in the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago. A long and critical illness had continued since last May, when he entered the hospital for treatment. From the beginning there appeared little hope of recovery, and following an operation for brain tumor some months ago, he sank into a condition of semi-coma, from which he aroused only at times to give faint recognition to family and friends.

He was one of Park's most widely known alumni, a member of the class of 1901, twice president of the Alumni Association, world traveler and speaker on the far-flung program of foreign missions, whose devotion to this cause was as contagious as it was inspiring. He stood well toward the front among contemporary Presbyterian leaders.

A review of the life of one whose years were so crowded can only touch upon the major events that marked his course. He was born at Milesburg, Pennsylvania, July 18, 1877, the son of F. E. and Alice Bible, his father a lawyer. Early schooling was at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and at Tionesta.

He entered Park College in 1895; a student leader in his college days, of a religious turn of mind. He graduated in 1901, and entered Auburn Seminary, New York, from which he graduated in 1904, and was ordained into the ministry. May 25th, 1904, he married Henrietta Caskey, '00.

To China

Mr. and Mrs. Bible were commissioned by the Presbyterian Board as missionaries to China in 1904, with headquarters at Hangchow. Fifteen years were spent in China. During some turbulent days in the Orient he was Associated Press correspondent in Chekiang. He was a member of the faculty of Hangchow Christian College. He traveled extensively throughout China as a student of internal affairs, religious and civil; his journeys of observation extending also to Manchuria, Korea and Japan. He served on the China Council of the Presbyterian Missions. He not only possessed the heart and zeal of the missionary for evangelism and education, but the mental scope and capacity of the

executive in religious affairs. He was a student of the Oriental mind, who could interpret missions in terms of that broader statesmanship that has come to characterize the present day mission approach.

Return to America

In 1919 Dr. Bible became Associate General Secretary of the Committee of Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, a co-operative movement sponsored by various denominational mission boards and agencies in the United States. In this important post he remained five years.

In 1924 he was named by the Presbyterian Board as its Secretary in the Central District, with headquarters in Chicago; and in 1929 was elected an Executive Secretary in the Home Base Department, directing field activities in the western part of the United States.

World Tour of Missions

In 1930 Dr. Bible entered upon a tour of foreign mission stations, which took him around the world. He visited Syria, Persia, Egypt, Palestine, India, Siam, the Philippines, China, Chosen, Japan, studying and reporting conditions throughout the Presbyterian foreign mission area. Returning in 1931, he delivered the principal address for the Presbyterian Board at the General Assembly in Pittsburgh.

Dr. Bible was the recipient of two doctorate degrees. He lectured this past year in the Presbyterian Seminary in Chicago. His work entailed constant travel and speaking engagements in churches and elsewhere over the land.

A resolution of the Presbyterian Board says: "Dr. Bible excelled as a platform speaker and as a persuasive advocate of the cause of World Missions. A pastor wrote: 'I have heard him probably a score of times, and have always been impressed by his mastery of his subject and his powerful presentation of the Foreign Mission cause.' An element also of his strength was his ability to obtain large gifts for Foreign Missions."

Services were held in the First Presbyterian Church at Oak Park, Illinois; interment at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania. There survive his wife, Henrietta Caskey Bible; a son Frank W.; three daughters, Alice B. Dickson, Beatrice and Barbara Bible; and three grand-daughters all of Oak Park; a sister, Alice M. Bible, of Westfield, New Jersey; and a brother, Guy P. Bible, of Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Resolution of Alumni Executive Council

Whereas, in the Providence of God, Rev. Frank W. Bible was taken from us on November 15th, we, the remaining members of the Alumni Council, wish to express herewith our own personal loss in his death, our sympathy for his bereaved family, and our appreciation for his leadership and service to the Alumni Association of Park College.

Dr. Bible was loyal to Park College and to the ideals for which she stands. He gave largely of his ability and time to the work of the Association. He was serving his second term as its president. Many will speak of Dr. Bible's large service in the church he dearly loved. The Alumni Council wishes here to express its appreciation of Dr. Bible as a Christian gentleman of the highest order, and the comradeship he always shared with his college friends. May God give courage and comfort to those dear ones who mourn the loss of husband and father. In the name of the Park Alumni we bow with them in a common sorrow. The memory of Dr. Bible will be an inspiration to all who know him. God give to all of us strength to carry on in the worthy causes to which he gave so fully of his love and ability.

Our Book Table

OUR FAITH IN GOD. *W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's Student Christian Movement Press, London, pp. 128 2/6.*

This is volume one in the Diocesan Series "to be commended by Bishops of the Anglican Communion to the clergy and people of their Dioceses for special study" each year. "These books aim at expounding the central affirmations of Christianity in a simple and readable way. They are for the clarification and strengthening of the faith of the Christian in the modern world," and have the best of Anglican scholarship behind them. They are brief, popular, practical.

This first book comes up to the standard. Its eight chapters include Religion and Belief in God, The Hebrew Conception of God, The Revelation of God in Christ, Personality in God, The Love of God and Evil. It leans heavily on revelation, but utilizes modern scholarship. Its treatment is necessarily brief, but it is clear cut. Once in a while a problem seems to be left somewhat up in the air, but that is also true of much longer books. Generally the handling leaves a feeling of being adequately done. There are many flashes of insight. For example. The prophet's "approach is not by way of inquiry and research, but by way of vision." Or his contrast of the two Greek works for love and its meaning in the New Testament. The whole is addressed to persons in the modern environment and is illuminated by a broad scholarship. It is intended for discussion groups as well as private reading, and has Questions for Discussion on each chapter.

BELIEVE OR PERISH. *David Thomas. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd. 7 Paternoster Row, London E.C.4. For sale by Joseph J. Evans, Shanghai.*

This is a somewhat unusual record of the experiences of a pastor with all kinds and classes of people burdened with sin or disease or both. The writer has served as a "confessional" for people troubled with intellectual doubts, unhappy relationships, fears, double living, vicious pursuits and disease. He gives instances of venereal disease and cancer being cured. Likewise he gives many instances of "guidance" and almost telepathic communications. As a disclosure of the actual and desperate situations in which many people found themselves as a result of sin the book goes farther than many of its kind. The methods used in bringing release are sometimes psychiatric in nature. But through the book runs a vein of good sense. While holding that submission to Christ should be absolute, that term is not used. With the exception of the cases of faith-healing the many instance cited illustrate conversion, which is the subject of the first chapter. The book is not a scientific study of disease or mental happenings or even of sin but a record of living instances of how both sin and disease were thrown off through a throwing out of the sin concerned and an accepted faith in Christ. As furnishing practical examples of conversion sometimes under unusual circumstances the book should be of help to those who have to deal with distracted people under similar conditions. Their revelations are sometimes startling in their frankness but neither names of persons nor place concerned is revealed. But one does not often get such insights into what goes in a Protestant "confessional." The book contains eight chapters in all. All deal with taking the seams out of the seamy side of life.

MEN OF THE OUTPOSTS. *The Romance of the Modern Christian Movement.* By Herbert Welch. 8vo. 261 pp. \$2.00. The Abingdon Press. New York. 1937.

To those who enjoy the stimulating reading of good biographies, this book, dealing with some outstanding figures related to the modern Christian missionary movement, will be interesting and valuable. Here are twelve fascinating sketches and interpretations of heroic workers "whose courage and devotion constitute landmarks of Christian achievement." They include pioneers—Xavier and Livingstone; evangelists—John Wesley and William Taylor; educators—Wm. Clark of Japan and Isabella Thoburn of India; doctors—Christie of Manchuria and Schweitzer of Africa; social reformers—Verbeck of Japan and Mary Slessor of Calabar; and administrators—Clotilda Lyon McDowell and John R. Mott. Some of these are not well known, but they should be; all of them had one common purpose though their personalities, their work and methods, and their fields of service varied greatly. Only two are still living.

Dr. Welch is a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was at one time President of Ohio Wesleyan University, and spent sixteen years in Japan and China. He has been a lecturer at several colleges recently and "Men of the Outposts" is made up of a series of lectures given at Drew University. These studies are well written and should be especially attractive to younger people and others who do not have the inclination or the opportunity or time to read exhaustive biographies. To the habitual reader of biographies the book will be valuable because of its inclusion of some lessor known leaders of the modern Christian movement.

CHRIST AND PRAYER. C. F. Andrews. Student Christian Movement Press, 58 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1. Cloth cover 3/6; paper covers 2/6, net.

Anything written by C. F. Andrews bears the mark of a wide and rich experience. This treatment of prayer as taught by Christ and supplemented by "some notes on the 'Practice of Prayer'" shows the influence of that wide experience. It should help resolve the confusion troubling many about this essential religious activity. The usual approaches to prayer are treated in a fresh and stimulating way. A short appendix on "Devotional Reading of the Bible" concludes the book. It is not a study about a subject calling for attention but the ripe fruits of the life of one who knows what prayer has meant to him.

FAMOUS CHINESE PLAYS. Translated and Edited by L. C. Arlington and Harold Acton, Peiping. Henri Vetch. pp. XXX plus 443. \$12.50 in China 16/ in London \$5.00 in North America.

This volume is to be highly recommended as another source book for understanding of China. It gives an insight into those dramatic situations and types of solution which have found favor with the Chinese public and stood the test of time. It presents characters in action that are typically Chinese. They are more real on the stage than in novels.

There are 33 plays, each covering 13 pages on the average, with *dramatis personae*, introduction, text and dialog, and notes. There are 29 illustrations, and musical notation for nine arias. A general introduction gives much technical detail and definitions of technical terms. There is a chronological table of dynasties and good index. Seven of the plays deal with the Three Kingdoms, three are Tang, nine are Sung, ten are Ming, two are modern.

This reviewer would suggest that the sequence based on titles in alphabetical order is arbitrary, and that an arrangement in chronological

order would make the book a more obvious exposition of the development of Chinese civilization and ideals. All students of things Chinese are under obligation to the authors. E. H. C.

TING-LING AND MEE-TOO. *E. Keto. Grosset and Dunlap. New York.*

A gaily-colored book for children with plenty of bright pictures and simple prose. A farm boy becomes envious of a boat boy and they change places for short while. That is the story. The simple scenes are good for children but one who lives in China is more used to boys in the walks of life concerned being dressed in blue or grey, certainly seldom in the variegated and gay colors depicted. Chinese boys with queues may still be seen. But they are as rare as farm and boat boys decked in the colors of the rainbow. But perhaps the artist has drawn the pictures as he thought they ought to be or as he imagined them rather than as they are. The story might happen but a farm lad with money to load up on presents for the boys and girls back home quite an anomaly.

ANDREW WEIR OF MANCHURIA. *Margaret Weir. James Clarke & Co. Edinburgh, 5/-, pp. 255.*

On the 10th of October 1933, at Hsinking capital of the new State of Manchukuo, Andrew Weir passed away. He was known and his worth appreciated far beyond the confines of his immediate sphere of service. His work was significant not for the church in Manchuria alone, but for the Christian movement in China also. But we in Manchuria had the opportunity to know him best and to appreciate him most. From this knowledge his life-long colleague and friend Dr. F. W. S. O'Neill described him as the "architect of the Christian Church in Manchuria," and another colleague expressed the feeling of us all when he said of Andrew Weir, "If one can judge at all he was by far the greatest man in our Manchurian Church."

It was fitting that the life of Andrew Weir, who did more than any other to plan for, build up, and guide the young church through some of the most trying and stirring years of Manchuria's history, should be written. And it was fitting that this task should be performed by his wife who for so many years shared with him the hardships, the joys, the sorrows, the successes and the disappointment which filled his life of unremitting toil. Mrs. Weir has done her work well. The resulting book is a straight-forward and very interesting account of Andrew Weir's life and work from his early days to his death in Hsinking three years ago.

During the years of Weir's work in Manchuria few can have passed without witnessing some political upheaval in the country. The greatest of these were the Russo-Japanese war, the Boxer movement, the Chinese Revolution and the setting up of the new Manchukuo government. It was mainly due to the foresight, wisdom, courage and perseverance of Andrew Weir that the young and growing church was piloted safely through these and other storms. And that intricate and delicate process of devolving authority from mission to church was, from the first, in Manchuria, carried out under his skilful guidance. And Andrew Weir was humble as only the great are humble. No man had greater power whether among his colleagues or in the church. Yet of that power he seemed quite unconscious.

There is a welcome avoidance of attempt to produce heightened effect. There is no sharpening of contrasts, nor endeavour to achieve a romantic picture with high lights and deep shadows. It is not that material was lacking which would have lent itself to writing up with

much dramatic effect. But such writing would not have been true to the spirit of Andrew Weir who, although he had been in journeyings oft, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers and false brethren, in perils in the wilderness and in the city, treated it all as part of the day's work. On one occasion he was captured by bandits, robbed, and only managed to get away and return home with much difficulty. He omitted to mention the incident even to his wife until she questioned him about the unconventional scarcity of his attire—the bandits had taken most of his clothes—the next day!

This is a book which all who are interested in the progress of missions in one of the most important parts of the world today will want to read. It should be of great value especially to young missionaries. It gives a faithful picture of missionary work under modern conditions while telling the story of one of the greatest missionaries which it has been the privilege of the West to give to China.

The volume is well printed on good paper and is unusually well illustrated for a book so moderately priced. A. A. F.

Moscow 1937. *Lion Feuchtwanger*, Viking Press. New York. Pp. 151. US\$2.

One of the foremost German Novelists writes "my visit described for my friends." The visit was in January 1937. The book is too persistently favorable to be accepted without question marks. Thus "the Soviet people are the best...art directors and musicians in the world....they have the most responsive and eager public in the world." The reader tires of this. However there are interesting and significant fact, if they are facts: "Pushkin's works were circulated at the end of 1936 in over 31,000,000 copies and the books of Marx and Lenin in still larger editions....70,000 lending libraries....a 100,000 copy edition of Kants' works was sold out at once." Special attention is given to the break between Stalin and Trotsky—Stalin having turned to the practical socialization of a single country and having compromised on various communist tenets whereas Trotsky continues to be the doctrinaire advocate of a world communist revolution as the only method.

His emphasis on war mentality is significant. "In the Soviet Union everyone reckons with the imminent war as with a hundred percent certainty." War is not wanted, however.

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Correspondence

The United Church of Canada

Lake Megantic, Que.,

January 5th, 1938.

To the Editor

The Chinese Recorder

Dear Sir,—Having spent thirty years in China as a Missionary of the United Church of Canada, I find it impossible to get along without the Recorder.

One can hardly imagine how the Recorder will be able to get along without Dr. Rawlinson, whose years and ability seemed to so fully equip him for just such a time as this.

However Mr. Editor I am sure

your willing heart, with your gifts and the grace with which our Heavenly Father can so richly endow you, will fully meet the needs of the very trying situation and position.

You will surely have the constant prayers of all interested in China, at this time.

Inclosed you will find my cheque for the Seven Dollars required for a foreign subscription, to help a bit I will make it ten for this year.

Sincerely yours

R. B. McAmmond,
Minister of Knox Church.

The Present Situation

NINE CATHOLIC NUNS UNDER FIRE

A simple story which describes the activity of assassinated Lo Pa-hung and only by inadvertent implication the bravery of nine American nuns of Maryknoll who remained at their hospital post, a scant ten miles from Shanghai, during the Japanese siege of the city is found in a letter received at the headquarters of the Sisters of Maryknoll in Ossining, N.Y.

The nine sisters, whose intimate account of hunger, death, danger and toil covers the period from November 1 to November 29, are stationed at Mercy Hospital for the Insane, at Peichiao. They said in their message that they believed it to be the only hospital in Chinese territory in the region not yet destroyed.

To Bed Dressed

"You would smile," the sisters reported to the nuns at the Maryknoll mother house, "if you saw how we went to bed tonight (November 9)—fully dressed, with a candle, matches, a bottle of holy water and a clean handkerchief in our pockets." Then, significantly: "Sister gave us some money, so that in case we become separated we can get along."

The story includes a description of the bombing of the road outside the hospital and tells of the hundreds of refugees who go daily to the hospital for shelter and treatment. Bodies must be buried, patients must be fed. One section of the letter tells how two of the sisters who went to Shanghai for food lost their car and had to walk back; they were stopped forty times during the trip.

No Partiality

There is displayed no partiality for either the Chinese or the Japanese in the sisters report, but merely pity and sympathy for the suffering, and a calm consideration of their own situation.

"Chinese troops from Shanghai," the November 5 entry reports, "pass the hospital all day—such little, underfed boys! We wonder how they held out during these last three months of fighting.

"Sandwich Filling"

"It is reported that Japanese troops landed near Minghong. If the Japanese troops come from Shanghai and Minghong, we will be the sandwich filling if the armies decide to fight. There is something very quiet and uncanny about the whole affair."

The sisters care for some 400 women patients of the hospital.

Po Pa-hung

The November 1 account describes the Chinese retreat and the steadily advancing Japanese Army. The sisters have enough rice for two weeks, the entry says, but Lo Pa Hung, their Chinese benefactor, has lost all his income, since his factories have been burned. Some excerpts from the nuns' report follow:

"November 6—Soldiers and trucks continue to pass the hospital all night. Aside from that, we do not know what is happening, and so we wait....

Ordered To Pack

"November 7—At noon we got word that we must pack. A truck (from no one knows where) took three loads of refugees to Shanghai....

We brought all valuable hospital supplies over to the convent and stored them upstairs.... We worked late into the night and only took time off to listen to the 10 p.m. radio broadcast, which brought the news that the Japanese are coming around Siccawei and therefore closer to us.

"November 8—We received a note from Mr. Lo saying that trucks would be out today to take the female patients and us to St. Josephs.... But we waited all day.

Planes Overhead

"At 2 p.m. Japanese airplanes fired continually on the soldiers who were walking from Shanghai. We could not go outside all afternoon, although firing was directed at the hospital. About 300 Chinese soldiers sought shelter against our wall and the machine-gun firing from the airplanes killed many on the road.

"November 9—We flew out of bed at 2 a.m. when a bomb exploded directly across from the hospital; machine-gun firing started and never stopped until this morning.... We feel that again you (the Maryknoll Sisters at Ossining) must have prayed for us very much, because we cannot understand how the planes missed our hospital at night. The planes are using powerful lights which illumine the entire compound for about ten minutes.... Two sisters went to the pavilions to sleep so that the night sisters would not be alone with our poor patients.... The water situation looks very serious.

"This Awful Silence"

"November 11—It is very quiet this morning. We would rather have a little noise than this awful silence.

"November 12—With this war around us, we almost forgot that it was Armistice Day yesterday. Our day began at 2:30 a.m., when it seemed war started right at our back door. All the sisters and nurses went on the floors so that in case the fighting came closer we would all be with the patients.... Father gave us Holy Communion at 5:30.... When the firing stopped, about 7:30, we had mass.

Lo's Flowers

"November 13—This afternoon a Japanese commander visited the hospital. He brought flowers from Mr. Lo's garden for the wounded soldiers.... We have about fifty soldiers now. Some of them are farmers who were shot by their own neighbors. We again asked to be allowed to go out and bury the soldiers and to look for wounded, but he refused, and said they had been taken care of.

"November 15—Our rice question is becoming very serious and we tried again to get a pass to go out and get some.

More Sleep

"November 17—We are getting caught up with our sleep, as many of the sisters have colds and we all seem to be very tired.

"November 18—This afternoon a truckload of boys and the car with Sisters Antoinette and Augusta, two brothers and Miss Ling went out to find food. At Peichiao they saw many dead soldiers, so the brothers and the boys buried forty-four this afternoon.

"November 25. Thanksgiving Day—We have so much to be thankful for today! God has certainly protected us during these last three months when every day airplanes flew over the hospital and many bombs were dropped near the hospital.... Our turkey that was beef stew tasted very good.... Two brothers and Miss Ling went to Shanghai and they have

not returned. We are a bit worried about them as relations between the French and the Japanese are becoming very strained."

Reports Ends

As the sisters' report ended on November 29, no trace of the brothers and Miss Ling had yet been found. One of the brothers at the hospital, however, "took a chance and went to Minghong to get....rice."

With quiet courage, the report ends: "In all other respects we are well and have sufficient to eat again for a month and our patients are unusually good these day. We are very grateful for the prayers you have all said, which we know helped us so much." *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury*, Feb. 7, 1938.

LIFE'S 'MOST APPALLING MINUTES' DESCRIBED BY BARZINI, SURVIVOR OF HISTORIC BOMBING OF PANAY

Mr. Luigi Barzini, special envoy of the "Corriere della Serra" and Panay survivor, gave the following interesting talk before the Hongkong Rotary Club:—To be bombed on a small boat little larger than the ferries which run between Hongkong and Kowloon, in the middle of a very wide and cold stream—because December is not a very mild month in China—when one is going about seven miles per hour with no possibility of hiding anywhere or jumping into the water to get ashore, is very disagreeable.

"Peaceful Place"

The strongest sensation we had was that of surprise. I was on the after deck when the first plane flew over us. We had just had luncheon and I was talking with some newspaper men looking out at the landscape. Somebody had just said: "This is a very peaceful place to anchor."

... I had seen another war in Ethiopia and I had had a tragic experience then that bombing planes do drop bombs by mistake sometimes.

There was no mistake—we were the target. They were bombing us. Hypothesis formed in the mind of all of us because nobody could speak. We all thought that Japan had declared war on America for something of which we knew nothing; that something had happened somewhere in the world of which we were ignorant and probably American ships were being bombed in Shanghai.

There was no time to linger in hypothesis of that sort, and we tried to find a safe refuge. The Panay is a very slim warship built of nothing heavier, I should think, than the usual metal plating of all boats, and she was designed specially for bandits and such people on the banks of the river. Her only defense was one machine gun bullet-proof shield which went round the lower aft deck. The engine room was protected by a similar shield and the two shields over-lapped for about a yard and a half. That was the safest place and that was where the fragments of shell were stopped. They went through the first shield but did not have the strength to get through the second one.

Planes Flew Low

We were then in the engine-room and the noise was terrific; the planes came down every forty seconds or so with the engines wide open and practically skimming the Panay each time. They came as low as five or six hundred feet, and the dropping bombs made a noise like steam escaping from a locomotive; each explosion made the boat tremble like

a wounded animal. Some of the engineers had released the steam from the Panay boilers for fear of an explosion on board and the steam was hissing out from the boat at the same time.

The wounded men were cursing, and the machine-guns were rattling during the bombardment. The cursing was such that I had never heard before. I have heard cursing but never by seventy men cursing in every breath and practically the same curses the whole time. It was not profane cursing but more expletive and definitive of the characters of the people who were doing the bombing.

All Glass Broken

Every window-pane and every piece of glass, and practically everything else was broken. We began gathering blankets. I had a pretty good idea how many bombs there would be in the bombing racks and I counted and thought that after twenty minutes they would be exhausted; however, they seemed to go on endlessly. Even when the motor-boats and sampans were bringing people ashore, the bombing went on. I was talking with a friend and said to him that it would be a terribly silly thing to be killed now when the whole thing was nearly over, but the danger was always there.

What we did after the bombing depended on what we thought was the reason for the bombing. We had a little meeting, hidden in the rushes at the side of the Yangtse. It was only later that I learned in Shanghai and from the newspapers, that the bombing was due to a mistake. They had received a message—this was not published but was told me by a high Japanese officer—that a Chinese boat, loaded with troops, would go upstream camouflaged by the American flag. The message came by a usually reliable Chinese spy, I suppose, and the order was given to bomb the ship.

Hide From Japanese

We did not know anything about that at the time, and thought that it was a declared war. We also thought it might be the intention of the Japanese to destroy the gasoline-carrying convoy which was with the Panay. We all thought that the furthest we could get from the Japanese the better off we would be, so we did not cross the stream to meet the Japanese infantry on the other side. We hid in the rushes until darkness, and then walked to a village which had been found by our Chinese cook after some scouting round.

It was a sad party. We found some coolies from the villages round about and gave them \$5 each to take us to Hosien, which was about seven miles from the first village we struck. Nobody spoke. We were all walking draped with blankets and still kept our safety belts on because they were padded and gave us some warmth. Our extra clothing was put on the wounded.

Death Of Sandri

I was walking behind the stretcher on which my wounded colleague, Sandri, was carried. I was talking with him as we walked along in the moonlight. He was from Milan, where rice grows and the land is flat. It must have looked very much like the shores of the Yangtse with its rice fields, country houses and the sound of bells—we heard them sounding the air-raid alarm—must have seemed like convent bells to him. He did not know they were air-raid alarms.

He knew he was dying; dying because of a stupid mistake. He had been through wars in Morocco, in the Sahara against the Arabs, against the enemies of the Fascisti, in Ethiopia and for ten months in Spain. He

was killed with Ensminger, the American sailor. Sandri said to me: "This is a stupid end." He asked me to see his wife and children.

Admiral And Sandwiches

Of course you know of the walking and the telephoning of the American missionaries round the countryside, trying to reach the American Ambassador to get the news out, and how we arrived at the shores of the Yangtse again where Admiral Holt, the commander of the British ships on the Yangtse, was waiting with sandwiches and cold water. I never felt the need of cold water so much as in China where everybody offers you warm tea. Macdonald said: "I hope when I get to Heaven I find a British Admiral there with sandwiches and cold water."

With the death of Sandri and the unhappy bombing of the Panav, I lost two of my near and dear friends. Another one who had died in Spain was Neall of the Associated Press. I am afraid now that my job is more dangerous than that of a general conducting a battle! This is the third or fourth close death I have seen in the last few years, and my friends are beginning to call me "bring-yourself-back-alive" Barzini. I don't think I shall challenge death any more, but shall take things easily from now on. *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury*, Feb. 7, 1938.

THE "INTERNATIONAL TRAIN" FROM KULING TO SHANGHAI

China's westward trek and its influence on the nation will take years to be recorded and adequately studied. We in Kuling watched it from its earliest beginnings in August, and we had felt a part of it as news of the departure of dear friends came to us daily. In December when Nanking fell, the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang arrived in Kuling for a Conference with Government officials. We viewed with growing concern the nine beautiful planes with outstretched silvery wings that came to carry their distinguished passengers westward. What did it all portend?

The War grew nearer. Wuhu fell. A boom was placed above the "Little Orphan" in the Yangtze. The situation in the North and also around Canton looked more serious, and the enemy seemed to be converging upon Hankow from three directions. Consular advice grew more urgent. At last the strenuous work of the faculty and pupils of the Kuling American School bore fruition in a school term completed before Christmas. The head-master announced that the school would not re-open after the holidays.

On December 26th, after a tremendous amount of planning by consuls, shipping boards, train officials, Japanese military officers and mere lay people, a goodly number of foreigners started from Kuling. As we left the hill with an icy wind from the North blowing in our faces, and the sun hidden behind so many clouds that we almost forgot it could shine, there came the thought: "Pray that your flight be not in winter"! It was this wintry element that was most undoing—but we were off—and the spirit of adventure helped us accept the inevitable without too much emphasis on what might lie ahead. The group was a jolly one which headed for the "Woosung" at the Butterfield wharf in Kiukiang. There were no busses to take us across the plain from the mountain to Kiukiang, but good friends came to our aid, and many cars seemed to spring up to transport us across the plain.

It was only two weeks since the bombing of the "Panay", and Yangtsze traffic had practically ceased. International authorities had performed yeoman service in getting this British ship to come from Hankow to Kiukiang for us, and a "Safe conduct" from the Japanese for the trip to Hankow by boat, and for an International train from Hankow to Hongkong.

We boarded the "Woosung", the British "Mantis" standing by, and I was reminded of 1927 when a somewhat similar boatload of refugees was convoyed down the Yangtsze under the guardianship of British gunboats. Now, Captain Leighton, of the "Woosung", rose to proportions of greatness! He planned with much care all the details and personally supervised much that Captains usually leave to lesser mortals. Every available space had to be used for sleeping quarters. The men were in the smoker, the ladies were in the cabins and the salon, and children were put any and everywhere! Wherever there was not a camp cot, there was baggage. Trunks, rolls of bedding, baskets ("wan lan's"), lined the aisles and decks until no one could walk in a straight and narrow path! Food, very good food, was served, but there were so many to eat that it took hours to finish a meal. After dinner, the stewards ("boys" in China) had to change the salon into the ladies' sleeping quarters. Just as the good Captain had personally supervised the serving of the meal, just so he stood by now to supervise the setting up of the cots, and to make sure that there were enough sheets and blankets, and that babies had a certain amount of quiet. As I slipped into my cot, I caught a glimpse of Captain Leighton disappearing around the corner. "He will be the first to wake us, I wager," was my thought—and so he was—lest our dressing delay breakfast!

Then came Hankow and the consulates amid that penetrating clammy dampness under those sombre skies that Hankow is able to produce in winter. We seemed to live and move and have our being in the American Consulate—such numbers of us—getting advice and aid. We had no passports—yes, our husbands did—no, communications had been cut and we had not been able to get them—until in desperation the long-suffering consuls tore their hair, and evolved some type of temporary pass to cover the unusual situation. Then on to the British Consulate for its visé. Then, baggage—which is the ever-present bugbear of travelling *en famille* without the masculine parent—and, over and above it all, the hourly problem of how to keep the children well and healthily amused.

But if Hankow's skies were inhospitable, her people were not. They took us in with open arms, packed our hampers full of water bottles, tinned goods, bread and fruit—a sufficient amount for a four days' journey. (This, in case of being held up en route while damage done by bombing was being repaired.) They also kept air raids away, but for this I must confess some slight disappointment. Deaconess Clark, with whom we were staying assured me it was a sight worth seeing—the effect of an alarm signal on the anti-aircraft gun placed on the building nearby. At the first alarm the gunners run out and tie a kind of box-wood bush to each other's shoulders, and hastily fasten similar decorations to the gun emplacement. This, it was fervently hoped, gave the appearance of a roof-garden. Although I did not witness this bit of camouflage, I later discovered that many coaches on our train were camouflaged.

The International train! We started off at 6 a.m. on December 30th, to the ferry that was to carry us across to Wuchang to board our train. Again much wrestling with baggage and coolies and narrow train windows. Finally, with last bits of advice from Mission Treasurers, and

with kindly handshakes and good wishes from the many friends down to see us off, the International train, draped with the flags of many nations, pulled out of Wuchang.

What a trainload we were! If we thought the boat was crowded, it was as nothing to the 289 refugees packed into this train. All of our bedding had to be unrolled, and all of our cooking utensils taken out. Fires must be started, and the day's meals produced. It was an amazing sight, but everywhere good humor and friendliness prevailed. We had heard of the beauties of the trip, but only through the gorges had we time to observe such. The days were very full. After we cooked, we ate, we washed the dishes—and then it was time to start again! At Changsha, twelve hours after leaving Wuchang, many came down to greet us, and some to join us on our outward journey.

We made the trip in record time, two and a half days, arriving at 11 a.m. on New Year's Day. Nothing untoward happened, although grim reminders of previous bombings greeted our eyes in the wrecked buildings along the way—this as we neared the end of our journey—and although at one point an extra guard got on our train because of some rumor of a hand grenade's having been thrown. However, of this we knew little. The greatest excitement was created when one small lad was left behind at a station, and there was much relief when the train was stopped and the frightened child restored to his mother.

At last our chilly journey—there was no heat in the train—drew to an end. About twenty-five of our number went to hospitals with flu, and many more took to their hotel camp cots with colds. I shall never see a camp cot again without thinking of being a refugee! About sixty of us went to the Peninsula Hotel, where a large ballroom was allocated for our use. "Very stately, Mother," said Hal. True, but even a stately hall looks absurd and crazy with forty camp cots, and by those forty camp cots, forty chairs, holding the owner's toothbrush, face cloth and towel!

Much was accomplished in Hongkong: gold drafts were changed into travellers' cheques; decisions were made and re-made each day; cables of inquiry and answer were sent and received. Was it to be Manila or Shanghai?—that was the burning question. Now, in the face of renewed unrest and possible incidents, we—the Taylor's, Craighill's and Marian Lanphear—are on our way to Shanghai. Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, have all been ordered there. What will the future reveal as to the wisdom of the move?

We may have grown grey in the outward trek, but the understanding and appreciation of all that our Chinese friends are having to endure in their upheaval, has been worth much to us. Truly, the soul of this people groaneth and travaileth in pain. Our hearts are torn at the thought of the thousands going westward under infinitely worse circumstances than ours—going—they know not whither. In hundreds of cases, they are losing their work, and all hope of salary. Sometimes even the money with which they start the journey is stolen. Illness enters in and children develop complications. The picture is an agonizing one.

It is with a sense of gratitude that we have been given the opportunity to understand a little of all this, to be a part, albeit a small part, of this country's travail, and that we have the chance to help our husbands remain at their posts at this critical time, that our hearts are raised in thanks. A. B. T., *Anking Newsletter*, Nov. 1937.

Work and Workers

Refugees In Shanghai Alleyways Await Salvation Army's Nightly Visit:—Approximately 900 to 1000 refugees wait anxiously each night for the arrival of the Salvation Army rice bus which is directed by the Army authorities under the auspices of the International Relief Committee. Half past five finds them getting into place to await the Salvation Army workers with their precious load of steaming hot rice. These refugees get little other food during the winter days, and this rice is a treat to be anticipated.

There are ten calls on the nightly route of the rice wagon which stops outside narrow lanes and alleyways where fifty to 100 or more men, women and children line both sides of the way, waiting for their evening meal. The rice does most of them until next day, when the bus comes along again.

Doctors and Nurses Operating Behind Various Fronts:—Several thousand cases of medical supplies and scores of experienced doctors and nurses have passed through Canton from abroad for the war areas in China during the past three months. With the aid of these supplies and personnel, the Chinese Red Cross has been able to organize medical mobile units operating behind the various fronts. According to the report, each unit consists of five doctors, five male nurses and five dressers, in addition to stretcher and orderly staff.

These units move from one hospital to another and operate on wounded cases brought in from the front, look after them till they can be left safely in other hands and then move on to where they are needed most.

According to the National Red Cross Society of China, the most urgent need is the support of these mobile units. To maintain these units large sums of money

and quantities of supplies based on a standard list are required.

Wuhu Under Fire:—Wuhu was subjected to a heavy bombing on December 5th-7th; was looted and burned by Chinese troops on December 8th-9th in accordance with the "charred ground" policy of turning over only worthless ground to the enemy; was entered by the Japanese army on December 10th, when both foreign and Chinese property was looted, and was still burning on December 14th when Miss Cully, a nurse at the Wuhu General Hospital, wrote the letter from which we quote below.

The day before the bombing began, Mr. Lanphear writes:

December 4th: "At the moment all is reasonably quiet here. There are plenty of rumors, of course. Hundreds of people have left the city and more are trying to do so every day. The school is closed and most of the students have gone."

Edward Chou left Wuhu after the bombing of the Jardine and Butterfield hulks (December 5th) which are very near our compound. His wife and family, of course, had left Wuhu earlier. Many wealthy Chinese, he said, had put valuables in the Jardine's go-down (British) thinking to save them. They were all burned as a result of the bombing. The Power plant was also bombed before he left. "We had no light except the light of the burning city," he said.

On December 9th, Mr. Lanphear writes again: "We are O.K..... Over 200 refugees in the Sisters' Compound—a real problem yet all is going unusually well.

"All our property is safe thus far. Lots of windows are broken over at the school from the concussion of the bombs.....At the moment we can see no immediate danger, and are thankful for

24 hours of no bombs! We will tell you all about it later.

"We can get no letters in or out (the Post Office is closed), and no telegrams, so have to take advantage of any chance which may come, as we do now of the 'Guam's' call." (U.S. Navy.)

Mr. Craighill also sends a letter by the courtesy of the "Guam".

"Sunday, Monday and Tuesday (December 5th-7th) we were in for pretty heavy bombing at Wuhu. Just at the close of the Sunday morning service at St. Lioba's (about 11 a.m.) we knew from the drone of the planes that bombers were pretty nearly over head, when suddenly three explosions seemed to rock the whole building. I am afraid our congregation would have departed at that point even if Irving had not been at the closing prayer.

"After the planes left we went up to the Bishop's hill to find the 'Kutwo' in a light blaze at the Jardine Hulk. The bombs had struck along the foreshore there and many were killed and wounded. Soon the wounded began to arrive at the dispensary and all hands turned in to transform the work rooms into emergency wards, and to send out stretcher corps to bring in the wounded. Dr. Anderson and Sister Constance and some of the Chinese nurses worked until nearly seven o'clock attending to the wounded without so much as a minute for lunch. About twenty were lying around waiting attention at a time. The more serious cases had to be sent to the Hospital after first aid.

"The two days following the whole of Wuhu south of the railway was indiscriminately bombed, and day and night the city has been ablaze. The people have been streaming out into the country until now there is hardly anyone left in the city. Our city compound is of course deserted, but I do not believe it has been burned.

"The schools were already closed and now the Lion Hill

Compound is deserted except for a few servants and gatenen. About two hundred refugees are living on St. Lioba's Compound (children extra), mostly Christian families from the city and near by.

"So far the Lion Hill Compound is undisturbed and I trust will remain so."

The next news is in a letter written by Frances Cully, of the Wuhu General Hospital, on December 14th to a friend, in which some interesting light is thrown on how all these hundreds of refugees on the Hospital, Academy and St. Lioba's compounds were fed.

Twelve hundred refugees were crowded on the Hospital compound. Merchants, compradores, barbers, butchers—"We are carrying on like a small city." One man brought in a drove of pigs, so there was pork! A railway official coming to say good-bye before he evacuated told Dr. Brown of a large supply of rice in a certain go-down which he might have if he could get it out in time. They were able to get out a good supply before the go-down was burned. A large supply of gasoline was also offered on the same terms. Much of this was salvaged, too, but on December 10th, John Wang, a Hospital employee, and a servant, were both wounded while still working over the gasoline. The servant was able to get to safety before succumbing to his wounds in the back. Dr. Brown took his car and went out under shell-fire to rescue the lad, who was lying wounded on the street. "Believe me, we all did some praying and knew some anxious moments. How thankful we were when they brought John back. He was shot in the leg, and in the hand, and some small bits in his back."

Continuing, "The city electricity has been gone for days, but our own plant is still going. How thankful we are to be able to get the news. We even give the gunboats news. (Radio.)

"There has been a lot of looting and ravaging in the city and surrounding country. . . . The poor people! Wuhu is still burning. I counted fifteen fires from the roof night before last. We hear small gunfire, cannon fire and machine guns frequently. . . .

"Our hearts are very heavy and only as we look up to Him can we find any refuge these days." *Anking Newsletter*, Nov. 1937.

Burnett Hillman Streeter:—It is by special request that I have been asked to write something about the late Professor Streeter, otherwise I would not have dared to do so after an acquaintance with him that was relatively short. Many papers have written obituary notices and have mentioned his scholarship, his books, and his attainments, so they will not be recounted here. Hence I am limited to remarks which perforce must be personal, but may convey something of the "human" side of a great scholar.

The first picture that rises to my mind is of Dr. Streeter brewing coffee over the gas fire in his little sanctum and chuckling merrily over some new thought he was pursuing with the same delight that a kitten chases a ball. Those who were invited to attend his Seminars enjoyed a real treat in more senses than one. After having helped him to carry his armfuls of heavy volumes down to the seminar room we had tea which included toasted scones soaking with butter and also the best fancy cakes in Oxford. But work began during tea, and after reading a passage from a Synopsis and giving a few leading ideas on it we were invited in turn to contribute ideas. I felt very bashful in such company, which included authorities on Greek and Aramaic, and also one whose Bampton lectures on the Gospels have recently caused a considerable stir. But the bashfulness wore off, for the Professor gave just as much attention and consideration to the half-baked ideas of a missionary

on furlough as he did to anyone else. The greatest inspiration that came from these seminars was not so much the conclusions as the way in which the leader "weighed up" evidence and tackled problems.

I was busy writing a thesis which concerned Chinese thought and the New Testament. Professor Soothill had been appointed as my supervisor, but Dr. Streeter heard about it and said "Can I help?" Naturally no one would refuse the help of one of the greatest authorities on the Gospels, even though the gaps in his own knowledge might be revealed. "Come to lunch," continued he, "bring your outline, and bring your wife." The last three words are a revelation of Dr. Streeter's human interest which he never lost sight of in spite of his vast academic interests. In addition to a most delightful time I left with a number of new ideas and a pile of books which he handed to me with the words "Return them sometime." This invitation was followed up by others to "tea on the College Barge" and so on.

A new theological work had just been published and Dr. Streeter had written a long review on it. Concluding that I had not time to wade through huge tomes he sent me his manuscript as soon as the proofs had been read, with the words "you may find this useful." While he thought of little helpful things of this kind his restless mind was revolving a new problem. If his most popular theological work was the attempted correlation of religion and science in his book "Reality", his most profound research was done on the Four Gospels, but he always felt the need for a world setting for this study. This led to the study of "The Buddha and The Christ." But his outlook began to envisage the world situation, and this led to profound dissatisfaction because he felt deeply that "some thing ought to be done about it."

He cast about for any section of society or the Church which was attempting to grapple with the international situation. I met him before his identification with the Oxford Group, but he was then studying their work and methods, as they seemed to be the only body which was facing the problem seriously and getting into action. I gathered this information from him in response to a question I asked about one of Geoffrey Allen's books which I saw by his fireside. His views were expressed with his usual balanced judgment. Dr. Streeter was not swept into the Groups on any wave of emotion nor by means of mass suggestion. The scholar who studied the movement critically before he entered it took the final step because he realised with one of China's ancient scholars that "Knowledge and Action are One." For the same reason he was not willing to remain in scholastic seclusion, but accepted the Headship of The Queen's College when it was offered him, though it meant the devotion of some of his time to business details.

The last time I saw him was when I was travelling by train from Oxford to London with one of the secretaries of the Bible

Society. We had entered a third class compartment, but Dr. Streeter insisted that we join him in a First "so that we could talk." He was on his way to London to give one of his Warburton lectures to the lawyers. I thought that this had now ended our connection, but when some two years later in China I received a copy of those Warburton lectures with the author's compliments (published under the title "The God Who Speaks") I was again thrilled at the thoughtfulness and "detailed kindness" of a great man to a missionary in China. (Someone saw the book and "ordered" this article.)

Dare we gaze into the next world and see Streeter (for he has given up his doctorate now as well as his duties here below) sitting with a circle of angels round him (like the youth at S.C.M. Conference), rubbing his hand down his nose and beard and then over his knee, giving a few indrawn sniffs and chuckling with delight at some new foible he has discovered in humanity down below, or some new aspect of truth which one of the surrounding angels has just pointed out to him? Frank A. Smalley, *The West China Missionary News*, Jan., 1938.

Notes on Contributors

- Miss Eva D. Spicer, M.A., came to China as a member of the London Missionary Society in 1923, and is on the faculty of Ginling College, Nanking.
- Mrs. W. S. New is a graduate of Ginling College and wife of the late Dr. W. S. New. She is acting as Chairman of the Clothing Committee of the Chinese Medical Association in Shanghai.
- Mr. H. S. Redfern, M.Sc., arrived in China in 1902. He is a member of the United Methodist Church Missionary Society and was for many years Principal of the Methodist College in Ningpo as well as Principal of a Middle School in Tangshan for a time.
- Miss Miriam E. Null arrived in China in 1923 and is a member of the Presbyterian Mission (PN) in Nanking.
- Mrs. Aimee B. Millican arrived in China in 1907. She is a member of the Presbyterian Mission (PN) in Shanghai. She is doing evangelistic work in connection with the churches and various groups, including the Shanghai Christian Broadcasting Association.
- Dr. George W. Hinman is a missionary of the American Board and is on the staff of Foochow College.

